The case history of one used car

BY ERIC HUTTON

A BROADWAY STAR SAYS FAREWELL TO MY FAIR LADY

MACLEAN'S

JUNE 22 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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before trucks began to deliver



the endless variety of wholesome foods



so much a part of today's better living.



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International Trucks

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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- Listen for howls against booming Jap trade
- Top-heavy tolls may cut Seaway traffic
- You'll save $300 on homemade color TV sets

LISTEN FOR LOUDER HOWLS from Canadian pioneers over Japan's booming exports to Canada. They sent us $60 million last year (everything from canned salmon and textiles to totem poles) and sales are still leaping ahead. It's a headache for federal trade and commerce officials who are being bombarded with protests from Canadian manufacturers. The government's answer: Japan is buying from us but $128 million last year. Every morning one million Japanese children get government-paid breakfasts with bread made from Canadian wheat.

MONEY-SAVING COUPONS that you get with some soap and food purchases aren't going to cut with some housewives. Two thousand Toronto members of the Canadian Association of Consumers are saving up their coupons and will ship them back to manufacturers next Fall with the demand: "Give us prize cuts instead."

PREVIEWING TV: Homemade color is coming in Canada. RCA Victor is all ready to convert its Prescott, Ont., plant to the manufacture of color TV sets and will start turning them out at the first hint from CBC that it's ready for color too. Canadians near the U.S. border now tune in color on important sets on which they pay up to $300 tax. You'll have that on the homemade product. **Weatherman Percy Saltzman** of Toronto may not take the job he's been offered as emcee of CBC's big new magazine show. He's worried about what all the extra work will do to his health.

THE BOOM PREDICTED for the St. Lawrence Seaway may turn out to be a bust if tolls now visualized go into effect. By statute Seaway tolls must be written off in 50 years. That would mean an average toll of a dollar a ton on cargo. Into oil and grain expected to make up half of Seaway traffic couldn't stand it. To avert such a "Suez crisis" on the St. Lawrence, shipowners planning to use the waterway have formed a users committee similar to the Suez organization.

PREVIEWING THE HOME: Kitchens that do everything but think are on the drawing boards. **A new cupboard** washes, dries and stores its dishes. **A portable kitchen** can be plugged into any electrical outlet. **A laundro-closet** washes and dries your clothes and you can leave them hanging there. **A mobile floor cleaner** retails, emits and dries your floor then scoots back into its own niche in the wall to refill with detergent and recharge batteries. **A freezer cooker** stores fourteen kinds of packaged food, then chills those you've selected by the housewife to an electronic oven in time for dinner.

MEN MAY SOON WEAR SUITS on hot days in stay cool. A Syracuse firm is experimenting with "thermoelectric" clothing all controlled by a portable unit that fits in your hip pocket. **Gals are going** back in nature with Shetland sweaters — relics of the early Forties when they appeared on college campuses as "sloppy Joes."

PREVIEWING INVENTIONS: They're going to package you in your own like a light bulb in excellent to you'll survive head-on crash at 50 mph. A prototype vehicle has already been built and tested. **Doors made** of air will be tested at New York's new international airport. Design: a jet a 100 feet wide curtain of heated air instead of conventional entrance doors. **A card dealing machine** whips out cards faster than the eye can see, but never cheats.

PREVIEWING WEATHER: Keep your umbrella handy. Long-range forecast by Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada predicts a warm second half of June on prairies, cooler in Maritimes, average in the rest of Canada, but with rain and storms across the country. Regional outlooks: **Southern B. C.** — warm to June 22, showers on June 22, week end cool during last week. **Prairies** — storm threats between June 17-20 and June 25-27. **Ontario and Quebec** — storms during week of June 17 and threatening the next week, warm from June 22-25. **Maritimes** — cool with some rain from June 17, warmer in last week.

WATCH FOR

FAME FOR 008 GOULET / A 60CKIES SAGA / NEW TRICK ON TV / A SOFT-DRINK WAR



Bob Goulet *[illegible]*

MEN TO WATCH: Robert Goulet, CBC's fastest rising and most sought singer (see [illegible]). He's turned down seven-year contract with Warner Bros., starred in Toronto's Spring Thaw, will sing lead in Pajama Game, 11 Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars and is being chased for a couple of other musicals.

Prof. R. W. Currie, who heads a new institute on upper atmosphere at University of Saskatchewan, can't [illegible] tell us much mystery at why your TV need radio go haywire.

FILM TO WATCH: Campbell's Kingdom, J. Arthur Rank's story of a dying Bottle who will do anything to lose gets in the Canadian Rockies to search for oil. Rank's executives spent week in the Rockies seeking a location, but it will be filmed in Italy's Dolomites for budget reasons. Michael Craig and Stanley Baker are the principals in the [illegible].

TV TO WATCH: They're going to build a geodetic dome (inside of which antenna can get ready for [illegible] 1958) in the Rockies. Dr. Marshall Adler of Canada by Thurston Nelson and Scott. It will tell with maps the story of Canada's aviation, especially the west Arctic exploration. It will replace J. J. Burpee's book, now out of print and outdated. The edition Dr. D. G. [illegible] Kerr, Mount Allison University.

TRENDS TO WATCH: Give-away weapons in the soft drink war are being planned by Pepsi-Cola. Fifty-ounce premiums will be offered at exchange for bottle caps: everything from pens ($10) to bicycles ($100). The campaign will start in Montreal and if it hits it will spread across Canada and the U.S. **Plug in TV:** Just what may be seen this summer: Unveiled 1570, will plug in your lighter socket in Convertible and set in alternating current in your set.

WAR AHEAD

Gas and power gird for a battle

AS CANADIANS "BIG INCH" their [illegible] gas and electric stoves are preparing for a bitter fight for every [illegible] spread of everything from heating to refrigeration. At stake: $10 billion a year in [illegible] sales.

For the first time in history electric power and appliance [illegible] had things their own way. Not now. Gas is spending for a fight.

- **In Winnipeg**, where the Trans-Canada pipeline will deliver gas by September, [illegible] the Gas Company has launched an all-out campaign to [illegible] the public how much cheaper gas is than electricity. Last year [illegible] new gas customers in Winnipeg, and the company is [illegible] to [illegible] 30,000 this year.
- **In Toronto**, which has gas from the U.S., the battle has already begun. Consumers Gas Company reported a 7½ percent [illegible] last year and the number of water heating units in use [illegible] 30,000.
- **In B. C.**, electric range sales dropped 20 percent while gas range sales went up 60 percent.

The electrical industry knows it's in a fight and is spending $700,000 this year telling the public how good it is. It has in A. Keetley, power executive, recently told west-coast power production: "A unified gas industry [illegible] you as a unified electrical front is essential [illegible]."

TV OUTLOOK

No nagging, more mood in commercials

TV SPONSORS are going to throw away their sledge hammers and woo you with soft words and music. You'll hear fewer nagging commercials drummed out by [illegible] announcers and more dulcet-toned messages against a backdrop of mood music and [illegible] music during [illegible].

The switch is inspired by studies made by Canadian Facts Ltd., a firm that tests public reaction to all kinds of advertising. Canadian Facts have established what many viewers could have told the sponsors long ago. Slam-bang commercials — called the hard sell — irritate audiences to the extent they'll sometimes turn to a rival product.

Also coming in: Stars who deliver the commercials themselves. Thus when Juliette finishes a song she'll warble a few extra words for the sponsor, and while the smokers chill curling from Matt Dillon's gun he'll give you a rundown on his talk about the product that hires it. This is because they've found that when the cameras turn from the star to a minute or [illegible] announcer, dad gets to the kitchen for a beer while the kid raids the cookie jar. Also housewives, instead of glancing [illegible] will tell you which [illegible] to buy and stop to use in TV ads — for the sake of greater credibility.

Going out: The long, long, drawn-out Spanish [illegible] up to a dozen commercials when they foot the bill for a one-minute [illegible] viewers throw it [illegible] people mad. The shorter, shorter show, and fewer commercials.

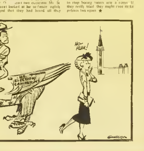


Julie Andrews: "I'll sing for the sponsor."

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER



Sure, the political campaigns were important—but did they have to be the colossal bores they were?



BACKSTAGE IN MONTREAL

Will a new regime send the city back to good old fashioned sin?





Background

- Can labor stop flag transfers?
- Money in a stamp flaw
- Is ballet boom about to burst?

Backstage WITH CAR DRIVERS / How can we halt the carnage on the highways?

Backstage WITH MEDICINE / When hepatitis strikes we don't know how to stop it

Editorial

The Election and Democracy

The recent federal election—as a trial rather than as a verdict—offers little cause for pride or for dismay.

No one got excited about this election. Perhaps it created a third as much excitement as the latest television performance of Elvis Presley certainly not more. It may well be that as much time was spent this month in marking ballots as in picking up trading stamps; maybe. One safe statement is that the mysterious and complicated and precious and pretentious institution called democracy once more has proved to be roughly as enthralling to the average voter as a case of fallen arches.

Here, an optimist might hope, is the real beauty of democracy. You can take it or leave it alone. But without quarreling with that serene notion we feel required to set down two or three reminders of where the system of government called democracy came from and what it really means.

Democracy, alas! is not a good thing in itself. One of the most persuasive thinkers of our time, the late H. L. Mencken used to argue that it was no more than a trap for boobs. The thirteenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica reminds us that "According to Aristotle democracy is the perverted form of the third form of government. Aristotle's restriction of democracy to *bad* popular government, i.e. mob-rule, or as it has sometimes been called, ochlocracy, was due to the fact that the Athenian democracy had in his day degenerated far below the ideals of the 5th Century, when it reached its zenith under Pericles. Since Aristotle's day the word has resumed its natural meaning, but democracy in modern times is a very different thing from what it was in its best days in Greece and Rome. The population became too large and the distance too great for regular assemblies of qualified citizens. The essence of modern representative government is that the people does not govern itself, but periodically elects those who shall govern on its behalf."

In this, we fear, there is a bleak truth that cannot be escaped. Democracy—unless we make it work and unless we make our elected delegates work at making it work—is no better a system of government than the rankest dictatorship.

For better or for worse, we Canadians have once more elected one of the most powerful governments ever created by the free will of a free electorate. We have given that government an almost unexampled vote of confidence considering the length of its term in office. It could easily be forgiven for accepting this as a mandate to rescind the kindly tyranny it has exercised over parliament and the people for more than twenty years.

But now somehow we must hope that our new government encyclopedias notwithstanding, will give up the idea once and for all that "The people does not govern itself but periodically elects those who shall govern in its behalf." For if this philosophy is to seize the Canadian people and to remain the blueprint for Canadian governments then we might as well confess that in its essential meaning for Canada democracy is not much more than a high-flown foreign word borrowed from a far off foreign people.

Mailbag

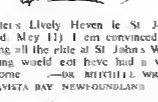
- Will $100 million buy us culture?
- "Women are fools when it comes to buying cars"
- Are Celts holding back the Maritimes?

Bravo, Morley Callaghan! for We're on the Wrong Track in our Culture Quest (May 25). A "Celleghue for the Country" campaign is now a must. The creative mind is not usually an economic one, but we force it into grooves designed to become economically productive. Five hundred cent al "creative commissions" awarded without strings would do more to put us on the map culturally than the establishment of a couple of new universities. I have a sneaking idea we are afraid of culture but we respect education. — W. J. BOSDON, TORONTO.

✔ There are two fundamental things about culture we do not appreciate. Culture cannot be bought for Canada to buy with $100 million is one of the saddest things in our history. 2. Culture needs just the right conditions. We have hundred years of native culture based on folklore songs dances handicrafts can grow. But a country like ours with a constant reflux of settlers and a constant exodus of Canadians does not provide a suitable environment. — A. DOUGLAS MURRAY, PENTICTON, B.C.

That balmy British climate

Weather plays no small part in the good reputation of a country. Beverley Baxter has consistently belittled the English climate, especially in his latest



(Baxter's Lively Haven le St. John's Wood, May 11). I am convinced that among all the plate al St. John's Wood Kipling would not have had a warm welcome. —DR. MITCHELL WATSON, BONAVISTA BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

✔ Baxter can't write a simple article about his home without letrodeceg Beeverbrook. It is cementing to Canadians who know Beaverbrook.—H. V. BIGELOW, VICTORIA, B.C.

Who can outsing Shirley?

"The Preview item "Shirley's Future" (May 25) is a ridiculous heildep Shirley Hirmer has an averlng voice, but no noting ability, and she just hasn't got a figure. There must be hundreds of girls who can sing better and act better. — TOM HAWLEY, EDMONTON.

How to get better cars

I was interested le qeestions pel to the cute makers in your discussion. What's Heppeneg to Cars? (May 25). But why did no one ask them why they make them so poorly today, and why they went out so fast? The bodies on them are a disgrace. Let me tell you that we won't get good cars as le ee til mee start to do the buying as they used to. It is just as sensible for a man to buy a hat for his wife as it is for her to help buy a car. Women are fools as far as anything mechanical is concerned. — T. J. G. WILLIAMS, TORONTO.

Who's a weakling, anyway?

Gilbert Herding's article Is Canada Getting Britain's Weeklings? (April 27), was quite true. But I do think that too many highly skilled persons are leaving us—doctors, technicians teachers etc. My only daughter is marrying a Canadian. My wife and I are doing our utmost to be at the wedding. But we will certainly not be staying in Canada for good. England always will



be good enough for us and we will soon be on top of the world again and can easily survive that black eye that Nasser (with the backing of UNI gave us. — V. L. BENT, CULLERCOATS, ENGLAND.

We invited Dr. Whitton

I protest the utterly false light in which my article on my years as mayor of Ottawa is presented in Maclean's of May 25. There was no ground whatever for presenting this event from the "It Happened to Me" series and linking it with efforts to drum up contributions from others. It is wrongful misrepresentation to suggest that I was asking you to buy something, from me. It was the other way round. — CHARLOTTE WHITTON, OTTAWA.

Maclean's did not intend to suggest that Dr. Whitton's article had been submitted unsolicited. It was we who asked her and we deeply regret that in consoling a different impression we caused her embarrassment.—The Editors.

What's wrong with the Maritimes?

The plaint of the Merltimes (How Can the Maritimes Get in on the Boom? May 11) is an old story. My version is this: the people are mostly Scottish



and Irish who never made a success of their own countries. England has always been a wonderful meal ticket. The Dutch with a country about one fifteenth the area of the Maritimes, actually counted as a European power in the 17th century. The indomitable quality of Hollands people made a country out of a marshy flat. — H. O'NEILL, BRACEBRIDGE, ONT.

MORE MAIL BAG ON PAGE 88



Graceful new Ford Fairlane 500 Town Victoria

Meet the beauties with the built-in "muscles" —*the new kind* of Ford

Under their glamour these new Ford Lovelies are as tough as steel can make them.

The basis of their beauty is the new *Inner Ford*, the new concept in automotive design that starts deep down in the steel, and puts quality in pieces you never see. In the new rugged full-cradle frame, in the new suspensions front and rear, in the new Cushion Quiet body mountings, in the "unseen beauty" that makes Ford so silent, safe and secure. Ford's the car that's as new as it looks—right down to the smallest detail, right down to the last nut and bolt.

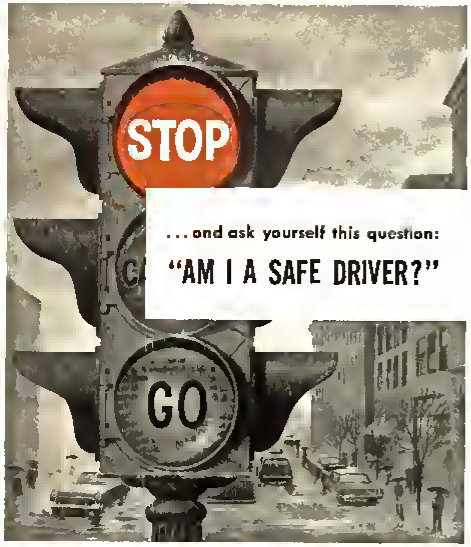
And just see how smoothly they ride. Take an old-fashioned back road, gullied by rains—you'll wonder where that washboard went. For through it all, Ford's exciting new lines ride sweet and low on the new *Inner Ford*.

And whatever the going, there's GO to spare with a big, silent, deep-block Thunderbird V-8 under the front-hinged hood. See what we mean—see your nearest Ford Monarch Dealer and Action Test *the new kind* of Ford.



Handsome, big, new Ford 9-passenger Country Sedan

Action-Test the new kind of FORD



. . . and ask yourself this question:

"AM I A SAFE DRIVER?"

You are a safe driver if you . . .

- always observe traffic regulations, especially about speed
- watch other drivers and try to anticipate their actions
- drive extra carefully when pedestrians, especially children, are about
- know distances required to stop your car completely at various speeds
- never drive when you are fatigued, ill or upset
- lower your speed as darkness approaches
- signal other motorists in ample time before stopping or turning
- keep your car in top mechanical condition

You are not a safe driver if you . . .

- fail to observe right of way
- follow too closely behind the car ahead
- weave in and out of traffic lanes
- pass on hills or curves when there is no clear view ahead
- do not adjust your speed to weather and traffic conditions
- fail to lower your headlights when a car approaches
- take chances or trust to luck in hazardous situations
- feel over-confident or believe accidents happen only to the other fellow
- speed through traffic lights on the yellow signal
- mix alcohol and driving

Always drive as if your life depended on it. It does!

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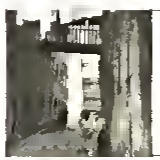
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The cover

Les gamins in Franklin Arbuckle's painting of Sous le Cap probably aren't as pinard as they look. He tells us that a nearby sign reads "Please refrain from giving money to children in order to avoid accidents." There are more details on page 91.

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Orenda was in mid-Atlantic when she was caught in a gale of unusual severity. As her two man crew struggled to haul in the mizzen sail, a huge wave struck the boat, snapping the main mast in two places. The fir plywood hull shook off wave upon wave, each battering with a force of many tons.

FIR PLYWOOD SAIL BOAT CROSSES GALE-TORN ATLANTIC

Skipper of 26' yawl given up as lost says "Fir plywood withstood battering of world's roughest seas"



In September 1956 the liner *America* sighted a small sailing boat tossing derelict in mid-Atlantic. A broken main mast trailed pathetically over the side in a mess of tangled rigging and torn sail. There was no sign of life aboard.

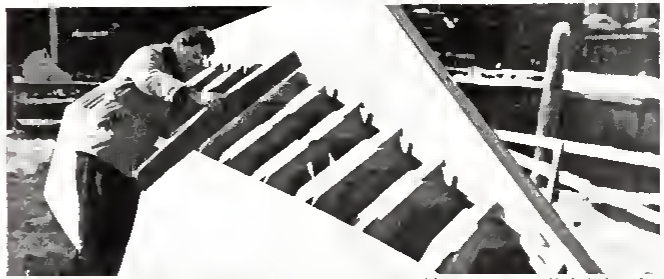
The boat was *Orenda*, a 26' fir plywood yawl built by a Toronto man, Bert Smith, in the back yard of his home. With a friend, Alan Battersby, he had set out to sail *Orenda* across the Atlantic. For four days the tiny fir plywood boat pounded through a gale. Then came another storm—and with it disaster. As the two men struggled to bring in the small mizzen sail, a huge wave struck the boat, snapping the aluminum mainmast in two places. The sea anchor parted, the after hatch cover was swept overboard and *Orenda* filled knee-deep with water. The men pumped her out and then lay to and prayed.

When the storm abated they hauled the mast inboard, stepped the undamaged part in position and set sail. Later they were sighted struggling through heavy seas by the *Mariposa*. The captain invited them to finish the voyage in the comfort of his ship, but they insisted on carrying on. Then on October 24 Smith shouted to Battersby, "I think we're there, boy!" Faintly ahead was Bishop Rock light. As they approached land a signal flashed from the shore: "WELL DONE." *Orenda*'s ordeal was over.

Bert Smith is proud of *Orenda*. Of the fir plywood used to construct her small but sturdy hull, he says: "Fir plywood gave my boat the strength and rack resistance necessary to weather the battering of the roughest ocean in the world."

The qualities Skipper Smith respects in Douglas fir plywood are those which have won acceptance for this versatile building material among technical specifiers and professional builders. It combines high strength in structural uses, is ideally suited to forming complicated shapes and curves.

Authoritative technical handbooks as well as many useful do-it-yourself plans containing ideas for home-makers and amateur boat builders are available from PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, 550 Burrard Street, Vancouver 1, B.C.



Orenda takes shape in Bert Smith's Toronto backyard. Over the frame Smith built up three layers of 3-ply fir plywood panels to form a hull ¾ inches thick. "By using large plywood panels my craft had fewer seams and was easier to keep watertight," says Smith. "I've built eight other boats with fir plywood. I find it speeds construction considerably."



The rock resistance which carried *Orenda* through Atlantic gales is found in this Vancouver floating dry-dock. After six years of repeated submersion, the dock's fir plywood tanks show no deterioration.



On the St. Lawrence Seaway project linking the Atlantic to the interior of Canada, these pyramid-like powerhouse abutments were shaped with fir plywood forms. During pouring, the forms withstood pressures of up to 700 lbs. per square foot.



En route to Henley, and later Olympic victory at Melbourne, this U.B.C. V.R.C. racing shell crossed the Atlantic and Pacific—secure inside a crate sheathed and stiffened by ¾" fir plywood.

SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM



D is for

Dealer

His gasoline hose is the last ten feet of the route from oil well to you. Your family enjoys his rest room facilities while you study his road maps. His business means fun and convenience to you, and a dynamic economy for your country. Almost all dealers are independent local businessmen. We're proud that several thousand display the Shell sign.

Dead well



Once oil wells were left for "dead" when their natural pressure faded and could no longer push oil to the pump. Then Shell helped pioneer a method of forcing water down one well shaft to drive the remaining oil to nearby wells. Now "dead wells" live again, yield more oil to serve you.

Doodle bug



A doodle bug hunts oil with a divining rod and hope. Shell prefers science. Our geologists, paleontologists, oceanographers and seismologists are good insurance to help satisfy your growing oil needs.

Degree days



When the temperature dips below 65°, your Shell heating oil supplier starts counting degree days. They tell him when your fuel oil tank needs refilling. The drivers who supply your Shell fuel oil have a dependable record of integrity and courtesy.

Drive-in



From North America's almost five million miles of streets, roads and highways you can drive right into banks, theaters, markets, restaurants, even churches. We live in a mobile world. Don't forget the *original* drive-in that made it all possible—your local service station. (Shell, we hope.)

Diesel



Railroads and highway truckers like diesel power because it costs less. Carriers use fuel savings to improve service. Constant research and improvement in Shell's Diesoline is one reason you or your packages can travel so quickly and inexpensively.

Dinghy



Everybody's a water bug today! One reason is the new molded-plastic boat hulls. Even sailboats and power cruisers have plastic hulls made from petroleum. They don't rot or leak—never need paint. Why be a landlubber any longer?

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A. B. HODGETTS DECRIES

Our dangerous habit of twisting history

"Every edition of every newspaper is fractured with lies. The truth about anything of grave public interest seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Thus did Charles Grant Miller, editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, begin his address to a specially convened group of newspaper managers and editors.

Standing before a tense hushed crowd in the convention room of Chicago's Blackstone Hotel, voice breaking with emotion, this fine old newspaperman condemned himself and all his colleagues. We know little and have made no effort to know more. We have ignored or distorted the facts of history. By our ignorance and duplicity we have lost our prestige, debased our conscience and must bear some of the guilt for this crime against humanity."

Throughout that long hot afternoon and well on into the night other speeches followed. Many were given with tears of remorse and shame and all were bitter in their condemnation. Commenting on these proceedings, the Nation next day said: "It is true that the press of this country has abandoned its critical faculty and has freely taken part in the deliberate deception of the American public. Not even the press can transgress the moral laws without paying a price for it."

All this was in May 1920. The price had already been paid and the appalling truth about the causes of World War I—the selfishness and deceit, the shoddy, sordid bargaining and miserable intrigue by all nations—was just beginning to seep through to this stunned and disillusioned group of men.

Today, as in this previous time of crisis, our editors, newscasters and politicians are passionately discussing the tense events of our divided and accusing world without any reference to the long record of the past. Once again they are distorting and falsifying the record to serve some prejudiced cause. Discussion of international events has become highly emotional, full of malice and hatred. In each succeeding crisis these virulent attacks have done absolutely nothing but confuse the public, deepen the distrust, increase tension and hasten the inevitable breaking point. Blasting away at all who disagree with our side, attributing every evil motive to them, and assuming a monopoly of truth and righteousness, these "patriotic" writers and speakers may be creating once again a predisposition for war. If another war does come, we can predict with absolute certainty now what one of its main causes will be. It will be either our utter disregard for history—or the twisted, false and fragmentary use of it in our press, over the radio and television, in parliament and, yes, even in our schools.

The lies that go to school

Here is a pamphlet, published monthly by the United Nations Association entitled World Review for Canadian Schools. Vol. VII, No. 3 for November 1956, dealing with the Suez Canal, is full of falsehood from start to finish. Perhaps the writer of this pamphlet does not know the facts, possibly he is so prejudiced that he reads the record incorrectly, or he may be so sure of the cause he upholds that he is prepared to lie in its defense. Whatever the writer's motives, the fact remains that the story he has told to thousands of school children is not true.

Consider this quotation: "But it was not Egypt that dug the Canal. The digging and financial obligations were undertaken by the Suez Canal Company in which the controlling interest had been exercised by Great Britain since 1875. In the founding continued on page 51

A. B. HODGETTS HAS BEEN TEACHING HISTORY SINCE 1933. HE IS NOW ON THE STAFF OF TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE, ONT.



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LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



At Bermuda Eisenhower and Macmillan talked as friends" says Baxter "But Macmillan knows the West can't look for leadership from the U.S"

Has Mac replaced Ike as West's main voice?

One does not need to gaze into the crystal to realize that the world is moving into a cycle of mighty events that will profoundly influence the story of the human race It will be a tremendous and testing period for the political leaders of the nations whether they hold office by tyranny or the free verdict of the electorate

Inevitably the two nations that will most fiercely feel the challenge of events will be Russia and America because theirs is the power and the unquenchable glory of leadership And since leadership is an intensely personal thing the course of history will be profoundly influenced by General Eisenhower and Mr Khrushchev

Each of these men holds something in his hand—a golf club for Eisenhower and a vodka glass for Khrushchev It may well be that the President benefits both physically and mentally by the hours spent on the golf course and that Khrushchev thinks more clearly after he has imbibed a pint of Russia's particular brand of fire water Alike all General Grant and Sir Winston Churchill are historical monuments to the sustaining qualities of John Barleycorn

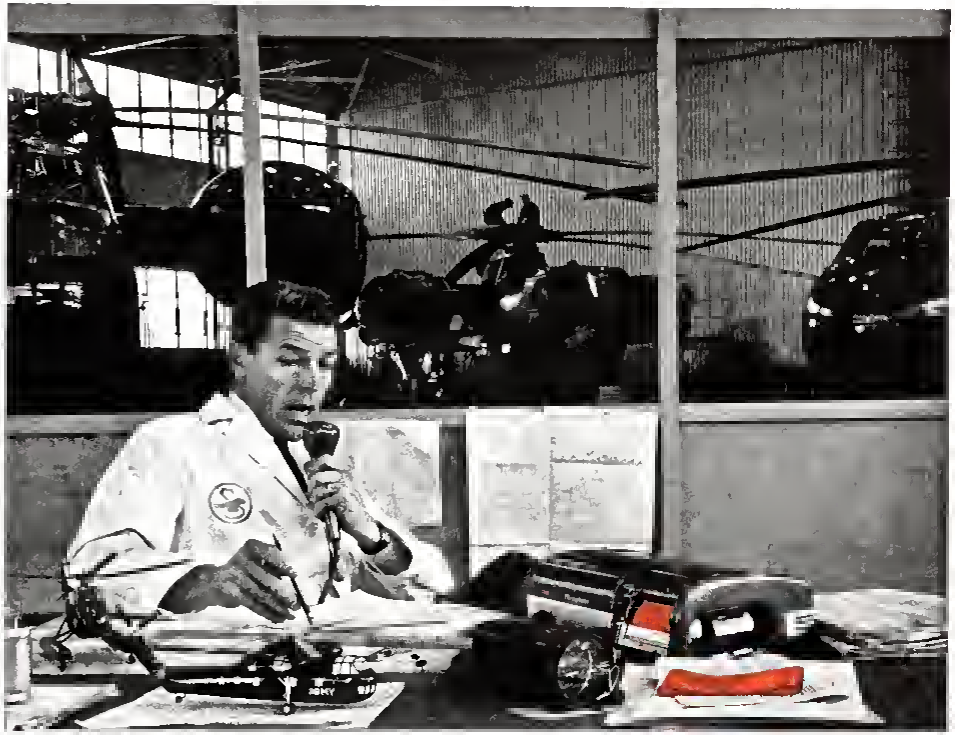
In naming Russia and America as the two opposing giants in the mortal struggle that lies ahead it does not mean that they will be without powerful partners and satellites This is a world struggle in which the only two countries that will stand apart will be Eire and Switzerland.

It is fortunate that at this period we in Britain have in Harold Macmillan a man who looks like a Victorian squire but has the mind of a modernist In fact there are moments when it could be claimed that he has the mind of a futurist

But then it should be realized that he is a Highlander with the mysticism and realism of the race that springs from the mountains and streams of Scotland Never mind if he loves to talk of his mother grandfather for Mum owes much to that realist and dreamer who wrought a living from the soil and sowed the seeds of ambition that brought a mighty harvest to his sons and grandsons

Therefore it was in keeping with his Scottish sagacity that Macmillan decided that there is no use in a man or a nation courting ruin by paying too heavily for insurance To put it into political terms Macmillan took the view that Britain could no longer maintain large conscript forces and at the same time hold her place in the world markets and in the developing nuclear age So he staggered parliament by announcing that conscription would be brought to an end and the conventional armed forces reduced to a minimum

Unhappily such changes cannot be brought about without a heavy sacrifice to those who entered the services as a career Long before Macmillan's startling announcement we saw retired brigadiers and rear continued on page 89



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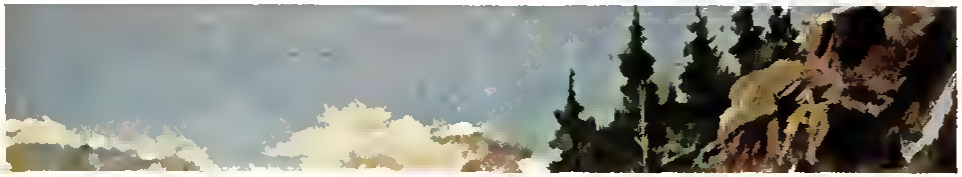
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Is Drapeau a match for Duplessis?

Professionals are sure Quebec's wily premier can't be beaten.

But all the same he is gambling his prestige in a fight to crush Montreal's gamecock mayor

BY ROBERT DUFFY

Montrealers are looking forward with unaccustomed relish to the campaign leading up to the October 28 municipal election. Rarely has their City Hall promised so lively a show: a championship bout in the ordinarily stale arena of municipal politics.

The centre of this interest is Mayor Jean Drapeau, a political novice who rode the crest of the reform wave that swept Montreal in the 1954 election. The question now to be decided is whether Drapeau should be taken seriously as a new political leader and as an antagonist for the undisputed champion politician of Quebec, Premier Maurice Duplessis.

Drapeau himself disclaims any provincial ambitions at this time. Nevertheless, he often expresses strong views on matters of provincial policy in his speeches, and the sum of his actions and words as mayor is uncompromising opposition to Duplessis and the Union Nationale government of Quebec.

Already there are those who say the 1960 provincial election will focus on the issue of political morality and that Drapeau will head a reform movement in the same way that he appeared as the symbol of a City Hall cleanup in 1954.

The suggestion that Montreal's earnest little mayor

Continued over page



THEY'RE FIGHTING IT: Drapeau (right) with allies Pax Plante (Ital), and Pierre DesMarais, blocked the Dozois slum-clearance plan. Then a new Duplessis-backed civic committee okayed it.



HE'S PUSHING IT: City Councillor Lucien Croteau, a Drapeau foe, became head of committee to implement the plan.



HE DESIGNED IT: Paul Dozois led city committee that created plan. Now he's Duplessis municipal affairs minister.



THIS IS WHAT THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER
Under the Dozois Plan this slum home and hundreds like it will be replaced by low-rental housing. Ottawa will contribute heavily. Drapeau has a counter plan.

The battle centres on slum clearance: Duplessis drew first blood, committing Montreal to the Dozois Plan, a $13,750,000 slum clearance and housing project Drapeau calls unsound and none of the city's business

could ever seriously threaten the brawny Union Nationale and its shrewd leader is apt to bring derisive snorts from the professionals. Even Drapeau's most sanguine friends have their doubts still. But they find some backhanded reassurance in the efforts Duplessis and his party are making to dig Drapeau's political grave.

Duplessis wants Drapeau out of the way and he has staked a good measure of his prestige on the outcome of the October election. In full public view he marked the main issue for the campaign, set the tactics and armed the attackers. For the public this is going to be a fight between the premier and the mayor.

The issue is slum clearance, which Montreal has been talking about for years. The city now has the so-called Dozois Plan, a $13,750,000 project to raze several dingy blocks and build a low-rental apartment development on the site. The plan has the overwhelming approval of City Council and of public opinion. A large part of the cost would be paid by the federal government, and the province has offered a special grant of a million dollars.

But Drapeau and his political partner Pierre DesMarais, the chairman of the Montreal Executive Committee, are stubbornly against it and have done everything in their power to block it. The Dozois Plan, they say, is a wasteful palliative for Montreal's slum problem. It is socially ill-conceived and it goes against sound principles of urban renovation. It costs too much for what it accomplishes. Furthermore the city has no business building subsidized rental accommodation.

Those are the arguments. But Drapeau's critics see great significance in the fact that the plan is named for Paul Dozois, now minister of municipal affairs in the Duplessis government. As a city councillor and member of the Executive Committee he was chairman of the special committee that plauned the project and he used this fame to help get himself elected to the provincial legislature last year. A further fact is that the plan was first published by the previous city administration headed by J. O. Asselin, for whom Drapeau and DesMarais reserve a special enmity.

In the ordinary course of events they could have blocked the project through their narrow but secure majority on the all-powerful Executive Committee which runs Montreal. But Duplessis frustrated their opposition in an extraordinary manner. By special legislation he simply rearranged the functions of Montreal government. Bill 27, authorized City Council to create a six-man Municipal Sanitary Housing Bureau which shall replace the Executive Committee and shall exercise, to the exclusion of the latter, all its powers, rights, functions, jurisdictions and prerogatives, for the limited purpose of getting on with the Dozois Plan immediately.

Thus the premier at one stroke established a second independent Montreal executive authority ready to exploit a popular issue in public opinion against the administration proper. To nobody's surprise, its chairman turned out to be Lucien Croteau, the unofficial leader of the opposition in City Council. It was Croteau who smoothed the way for Duplessis by getting up a council petition for action to the provincial government.

In carrying out this most ex-emergency operation on the Montreal government, Duplessis had to risk his own government's popularity to a considerable degree. Many a Montrealer who had been bewildered or disgusted by the Drapeau-DesMarais stall on slum clearance was aghast at the provincial intervention. Drapeau's position was thereby strengthened. By how much in the long run is a question to be answered October 28.

Duplessis however does not take risks with public opinion for nothing and there is more than slum clearance at stake.

A hostile Montreal means trouble

The real reason is a much greater operation to be performed very soon, not only on Montreal itself but on the whole cluster of autonomous municipalities that make up Greater Montreal. A system of metropolitan government is to be established, probably during the next session of the legislature. The operation is going to be tricky at best. It only because a whole crowd of petty politicians will lose a great deal of their local importance. A hostile administration in the key city of Montreal could create endless complications and confusion.

At present when there should be the closest possible co-operation in planning the change ahead, normal relations between the city and province have virtually broken down. Essentially what Drapeau has done, with DesMarais power behind him, is to denounce the political truce that normally exists between the administrators of the two levels of government, no matter what their respective political colors.

Duplessis may well have expected such a situation to develop from the moment Drapeau was elected in 1954. Everything in the mayor's political history promised he would arrive sooner or later at a position of attack against Duplessis. He is a natural-born rebel, and a French-Canadian nationalist of the rather special school now centred on Le Devoir, the cantankerous little newspaper founded by Henri Bourassa.

"We call them *La Petite Eglise* (the little church)," says Duplessis. "For them everything I do is wrong." Le Devoir is capable of a savage brutality toward Duplessis that makes the most outspoken political comment in other newspapers seem like an invitation to tea. Since the beginning of his career Drapeau has associated with Le Devoir's two leading figures, Andre Laurendeau and Gerard Filion.

They were together in La Ligue pour la Défense du Canada, a wartime anti-conscription movement. Drapeau, still a law student, ran under the Ligue's backing as "the conscripts' candidate" in the 1942 federal by-election designed to provide a seat for Maj.-Gen. L. R. LaFleche, Minister of National War Services. There was no hope of winning, but the Ligue wanted to fight the conscription plebiscite campaign which had torn the country apart a few months earlier, all over again.

Drapeau made one more early try for public office in the 1944 provincial election. By that time he and his bothersome friends had moved over to the Bloc Populaire, a nationalist movement founded by Maxime Raymond. A wiser steadier man, Raymond lost control to them. Eventually they destroyed it, for Quebec became alarmed by their extreme ideas.

Then for a long period after the war Drapeau dropped out of sight. He married in 1945 and turned most of his attention to the development of a law practice. During the period of obscurity Drapeau was closely involved with one of the most dramatic events of Quebec's modern evolution, the violent Asbestos strike of 1949. He defended large numbers of arrested workers. The year before the strike he had served as legal adviser to Le Devoir in the preparation of a shocking series of articles on sickness then a scourge in some industrial communities.

In the lives of other men around him such experiences with the problems of Quebec's new industrial working class were important influences, but they left Drapeau largely untouched.

Circumstances more than his own will brought him again before the public. Le Devoir became the leading force in the preparation for the municipal reform movement in 1954. Drapeau became one of the principals. With him were DesMarais, who helped organize the Civic Action League, and Pacifique (Pax) Plante, setting out to make a name for himself as a gangbuster. A series of articles by Plante and Drapeau published in Le Devoir led eventually to the famous judicial investigation into vice and police corruption which propelled Drapeau into the mayor's office. Plante took command of the police and DesMarais became chairman of the Executive Committee.

And so at the fairly tender age of thirty-eight the man a Montreal reporter described as "a fiction writer's model of the guy you'd never notice in a crowd" jumped into one of the prize seats of the Quebec political merry-go-round.

Drapeau was quite a change from Camillien Houde, old Mr. Montreal, who had given up the mayor's office for health reasons. In place of Houde's imposing physical bulk and the face that delighted cartoonists there was substituted an austere little figure with facial features so unpronounced that the cartoonists had to rely on the heavy intellectual-type black-rimmed glasses and the little black moustache.

Houde was everybody's mayor, a warm colorful personality who presided over his office with charm and wit. Drapeau is the spokesman for a faction, a single-minded essentially humorless personality who regards "stubbornness" as one of his own most notable virtues.

Montrealers hardly knew him when he took office in 1954. They soon found out that the new mayor was possessed of boundless energy and a masterful conviction that he was able to accomplish any task in sight.

"I promise you," he told a group that had come to ask what his victory was still glowing, "that I won't be in office next year if I can't find a solution for Montreal's big problems." He mentioned particularly traffic, housing and mass transportation.

He assured an interviewer on another occasion that there exists in that continued on page 84

The facts about our high-seas battle for fish



Hungry Japanese fishermen range the oceans.



Russian vessels are off Newfoundland.



Canada is fighting back by claiming more of the seas,

but even our closest allies are against us

By Philip Chelsea

Fish Canadians are [illegible] but they can't [illegible] the thick of a struggle for the [illegible] the great common [illegible] the last undefended frontiers on the globe.

It's the newest phase of the oldest struggle on earth—the fight for food. The world's people have a more pressing interest than the capacity of the land to produce enough protein. We're [illegible] eating species," says Dr. John L. Kask, chairman of Canada's Fisheries Research Board, "and right now [illegible] we don't get enough of it."

Fisheries Minister James Sinclair, who toured the Far East four years ago to build up Canada's Colombo Plan delegation, says: "All those countries are turning to the sea. There's gold in them decent trawls. land is all used up."

Spearheading this search-and-destroy [illegible] the fisheries section of Japan, who now [illegible] like one-quarter of the world's catch. "When you see a Japanese vessel in the Caribbean you know something very important is going on," says Bysk, who for four years was chief biologist for the United Nations fisheries division. "We don't have their sense of urgency, but we can't afford to get behind."

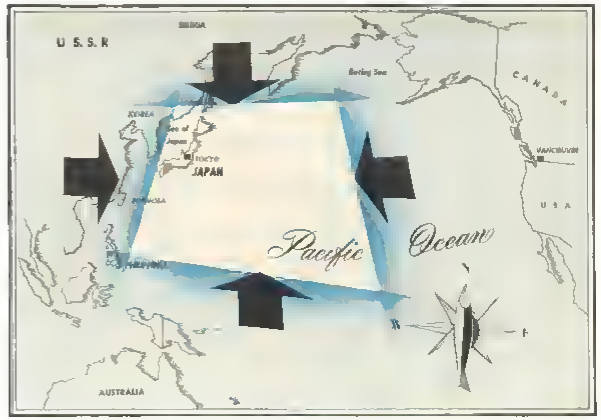
Year by year the trawler has intensified its fleeting, every nation seems today to stand on the threshold of a new era in fishing, when boats will attract and capture fish with electric fishing gear, when a product is purchased by milk will be shipped around the world through advances in refrigerated transport, and when fish oil will be processed into a flour that makes cookies as rich in protein as meat and is as easy to store, transport and bake as wheat flour.

Fisheries scientists can foresee the day when a square mile of sea water will yield more annual [illegible]



Fisheries Minister Sinclair says

"The Americans are pretty annoyed at us. So are the British"



Big squeeze on Japan's big fishing fleets

With thirty-odd big ones in Japan's fishing [illegible] is on the [illegible] trying to box in her fleets. But she'll be tougher when treaties [illegible] and [illegible] ships still take [illegible] of world's catch

[illegible] position that a square mile of land and that nations looking ahead are already staking claims in the seas beyond their traditional three-mile limits. Norway, Iceland and Mexico have all declared new limits ranging from four to twelve miles. South Korea has drawn a line down the middle of the Japan Sea and Japanese fishing boats cross it at their peril. Peru, Chile and Ecuador are backing with gunboats their claims to two hundred miles in the South Pacific all their shores.

Canada claims twelve miles out by a simple declaration that our navy would have to enforce, but legally through the United Nations. And our claim is so packed with political dynamite that the U.N. recently lifted it from the technical level into the General Assembly's political arena.

For the world is split into two camps in this struggle: coastal rights states versus freedom of the seas states. Nations such as the United States and Japan, which have fishing fleets ranging far afield, are known as freedom of the seas states. Fisheries Minister Sinclair defines them as "states that have used up their own fisheries and want to come into somebody else's — to [illegible] overexploited explanation — is the world's [illegible] but nevertheless a clear one.

Canada like Iceland and Norway is a coastal-rights state. Off our west and east coasts are some of the finest fisheries in the world: mighty cod and salmon but also herring, halibut, mackerel, tuna, haddock and redfish (also known as rosefish and sold as ocean perch). We spend huge sums to conserve our fisheries. We want to conserve them for our own use. But all efforts to extend the present limits are opposed by the freedom states.

The result is conflict on three [illegible] inshore fisheries (those that lie within 3 million's territorial limits [illegible] the continental shelf (that continuation of land that stretches out from two to two hundred miles before it plunges steeply down to the ocean depths [illegible] the other ninety-two percent of the sea's.

The first significant clash on the issue of limits came in 1949. Norway declared a four-mile territorial limit, and when Russian and British ships came into these waters they were seized. Russia was in no position to argue, since ever since days Russia has enforced a [illegible]

continued on page 76



"MY PART is the highest I've ever known." Yet Robert Coote is leaving Broadway's biggest hit

ONE OF ITS TOP STARS TELLS WHY

"I'm saying farewell to My Fair Lady"

Rex Harrison's No. 2 waited half a lifetime for the best role of his life. Now, after barely a year of dizzy success, he's giving it up. HERE ARE HIS REASONS

BY ROBERT COOTE

I find, when in conversation with people who don't work in the theatre that I cause a sensation on a par with a Tilletch Bank head entrance if I happen to mention that I am leaving My Fair Lady this summer.

My Fair Lady opened on Broadway on March 15, 1956, and there hasn't been an unsold seat since. I've been told that scalpers have received as much as $150 each for tickets. The theatre is sold out six months in advance and people line up every morning to buy up the standing room tickets at $3.45 apiece. The show, written by Alan Jay Lerner with music by Frederick Loewe, cost $401,000 and repaid its backers in thirty-two weeks. It currently makes a profit of $15,000 every week, of which George Bernard Shaw's estate gets $5,000 because the musical is based on his play Pygmalion.

The Columbia long-playing album of the show's music (I Could Have Danced All Night, On the Street Where You Live, I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face, etc.) has sold more than a million copies the world record for album sales. The first road company of My Fair Lady was launched recently and may play Canada in 1958. The Broadway version has just passed its 500th performance; it has settled in, most experts believe, for a five-year run.

All of this may explain why the first reaction to my announcement that I am leaving is one of open skepticism about my sanity. Other reasons seem almost predictably businessmen rooted solidly in the philosophy that regularity of income is the only security possible, assume immediately that I have been fired or am rebelling against a shabby salary. Neither is true, my pay, in fact, is the highest I have ever known in the theatre. Women look for the subtleties and slyly suggest that I'm married beyond endurance with someone in the cast, likely Rex Harrison. "We all know he is *difficult*," one lady told me, questing a New York gossip columnist. I've really become angry at this, but I try not to. Rex and I are old friends. We have been together in plays since we both began in the business and it was at his suggestion that I took on one of the four major roles in My Fair Lady, that of Colonel Pickering, who sings one solo in the show. You Did It.

Then why, I am asked impatiently, would anyone leave My Fair Lady?"

It's a complicated process to answer that properly. I've been an actor since I was sixteen and that continued on page 56



"MY PART (Col. Pickering) is the best I've had" Coote with Cathleen Nesbitt in Ascot scene



"MY PAL Rex Harrison and I have fun swapping lines." Harrison first sold him on My Fair Lady

"MY PARTING: Why would anyone leave? I must protect myself from the dry rot of boredom"



What's so funny about gout?





It crucified Milton

and hamstrung Pitt

Without it the American Revolution

might never have started

We can curb it

but still can't cure it

By Kathleen M. Graham

Gout has been described in medical literature from the time of Hippocrates and it was probably known to the ancient Egyptians. But in all these years its exquisite pain has never been as vividly described as by that eighteenth century cleric and wit Sydney Smith. "When I have gout," Smith wrote to a friend, "I feel as though I am walking on my eyeballs."

More recently the nerve-wracking nature of the pain was reported by a victim who, when he saw a fly light upon the ceiling above his bed, lay in agony lest the fly lose its hold and drop on his gouty limb. From first to last gout has been a hilarious subject for cartoonists, but the goety have never seen the joke.

Gout is a form of acute rheumatism. It may occur in any joint although it is most commonly found in the great toe. The gouty joint quickly becomes swollen, red and very painful. For some reason uric acid crystals form in the joints of certain gouty individuals. Under the microscope these crystals look like myriads of tiny sharp needles. In some cases they break through the skin, exuding as a white chalky material. The case of the man who was so gouty he could write on the blackboard with his knuckles has often been quoted. Although today the acute and painful phase of an attack can be quickly controlled by means of a small pill or an injection, the original cause of gout is still one of the problems facing the medical profession.

At the International Meeting on Rheumatic Diseases this month in Toronto gout will be an important topic. About fifteen hundred medical men representing forty countries will attend these sessions and at least ten of the papers presented will be given by world authorities on gout.

It is a common error to assume that gout is a disease belonging to the past or that its incidence is limited to the wine drinking countries of Europe. Today gout is quite common in North America and it's the subject of much concern and many scientific studies. It would seem that Canadian prosperity has brought with it not only a higher standard of living but also that scourge of so many eminent men of the past—the gout. A specialist in rheumatic diseases in Toronto this year estimated that five percent of the patients who came to him with joint ailments were suffering from this painful disorder.

Gout, like diabetes, is known to run in families. The incidence is, however, much higher in men than in women and women are victims of the past were somewhat of an oddity. Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart dynasty, was just such a case and in her own day was unroyally lampooned as "Brandy faced Nan."

An interesting observation on gout's incidence among women was made by Seneca, the famous Roman philosopher and tutor to Nero. He noted that gout was a monstrous example of the depravity of his age, and said that women had become subject to it by their luxurious habits.

"The nature of women is not altered," he said, "but their manner of living is. For while they rival the men in every kind of licentiousness, they equal them too in their body disorders. Why need we then be surprised at seeing so many of the female sex afflicted with gout?"

That gout is the result of "high living" as suggested by Seneca is open to discussion but it can't be denied that many of its victims are teetotalers. The popular association of "wine, women and song" with gout is a source of much embarrassment to these sober individuals. Such trifling circumstances as a new pair of shoes, a slight injury or even an emotional upset may in some cases bring on the torments of gout.

Ordinarily the sight of a man suffering intense pain stirs his friends and family to tender expressions of pity but not when he's got the gout. Almost all who are not afflicted seem comfortably persuaded that it is a laughing matter and has much in common with a "hang-over." This concept probably stems from the mistaken belief that gout is a corrective rather than a disease. The idea was fairly common as late as the nineteenth century and even today people smile when hearing of someone smitten with gout, a sort of "serve you right, old man" attitude that is very galling to the victim.

The history of the treatment of gout has all the elements of a first class mystery story. The plot centres around a small plant of the lily family used as a purge in the sixth century A.D. to bring relief to gout victims and then dropped from general use for over a thousand years. The plant is the Colchicum autumnale, grown today in many Canadian gardens for its showy, September bloom (which resembles the saffron crocus).

Originally this plant came from Colchis on the shores of the Black Sea in Asia Minor and so powerful is its effect that folklore attributes its origin to a drop from Medea's poisonous brew. However in the ancient medical writings it was referred to as the hermodeetyl, after Hermes, the messenger of the Gods. Today the hermodactyl and Colchicum autumnale are known to be the same plant. Why was it dropped from the treatment of gout for such a long time while so many innocent victims were seeking frantically for relief from their misery?

To solve this mystery it is necessary to examine the earliest medical records and trace the treatment of gout through the ages. Although the Ebers Papyrus (1550 B.C.) seems to indicate that the use of various kinds **continued on page 66**

Caricatures, cartoons and comic songs: in old England they all lampooned gout cruelly









The private life of a Model T

Here's the fascinating 38-year case history of one car: of the man who sold her and the five who have successively owned and loved her. It reads something like a romance

BY ERIC HUTTON

On the first warm spring Sunday afternoon of this year Wilbs Schneider of Woodstock, Ont., carpenter, drove his wife Marion and their two-year-old daughter Marta out to pay a visit nearby Innerkip. It was the pleasant uneventful sort of motor trip that millions of Canadians were taking that day. The only thing different was the car.

The Schneiders' family Ford is thirty-eight years old — nine years older than the present owner who is her fifth. She is a Model T, grown old so gracefully that Schneider stoutly maintains she is worth more today than the $690 Bill Masters now seventy paid for her when he was a prosperous young Oxford County farmer and World War I was still being fought.

There's nothing unique about the car physically. On the contrary, she was the most prevalent car in history, being one of some 5 million-odd virtually identical Model Ts produced including seven hundred and fifty thousand in Canada between 1908 and 1927. She has simply outlived mediocrity and in doing so has had an eventful existence. Nowadays an automobile lands to be regarded impersonally necessarily driven a year or two (three if you're underprivileged) and then traded into oblivion. The decline from showroom to scrap heap is not so much a story as a statistic. But the Schneider car has had meaning to all who have been part of her life from the seventy-seven-year-old dealer who sold her new to the two-year-old girl who will inherit her.

She has been the wedding car for a bride (who was courted in her, what's more).

She had to break trail through deep drifts in a blizzard for the funeral coach bearing her first mistress to burial.

By day she has harrowed fields and hauled grain to the mill.

By night she has been the exacting hot rod of an earlier generation of rock 'n' rollers.

She has poked her unstreamlined nose into the jet age by reminding her fourth owner the sixty miles to and from London, Ont., airport (where cousin Daughter always greeted them) for the training that made him a jet pilot.

The low point in this Model T's career came in 1943 when, aged twenty-five, she was sold for a ten-dollar bill for the sake of the paltry gasoline ration that went with her. She has changed hands three times since then, each time at a higher price. In her thirty-ninth year she has become somewhat of a show-off, chugging along in parades and winning trophies at auto shows for her well-preserved sensibly flat her principal occupation is still that of family car.

That's what she has been awaiting since that late autumn day in 1918 when Bill Masters, wishing the while he was driving a horse, tiptoed took delivery of her in Embro, Ont., painted her nose uncertainly toward the farm—and made it.

That year had been a busy and profitable one on the Masters farm at Braemar. Food was still a critical war material. Full-page advertisements in magazines and newspapers proclaimed the only thing that sustains our men on land and sea is food," and urged farmers to plant every foot of land. Masters did his share and after the harvest he decided to splurge himself on a good pair of horses. But his mother, a spry widow had other ideas. "Buy a car," she advised him. "It's the coming thing." A lot of Canadian women were progress-minded in 1918, it was the year they finally won political equality with men by getting the right to vote.

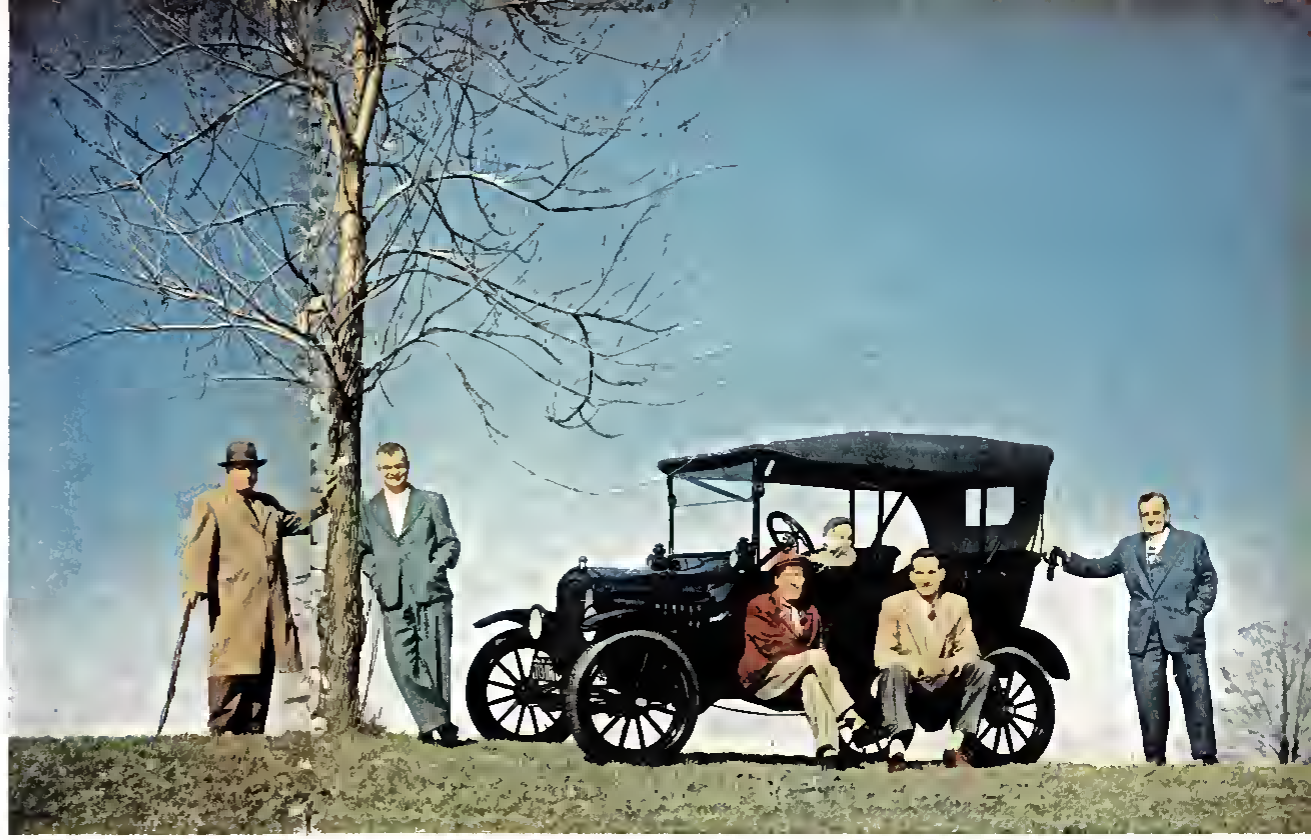
Masters, in his baggy, scouted the car dealers of nearby Ingersoll and Woodstock. He took a demonstration ride in the $1,125 Gray Dort tourer whose factory was less than a hundred miles west on Highway 2 at Chatham. He looked over the handsome Chevrolet that had been so much in the news that year because adventurous William C. Durant had used the popularity of this new car of his to win back control of General Motors. The "Baby Grand" Chevrolet tourer was $1,295. Masters was sorely tempted, too, by a car that was presently to become a stablemate of the Chevrolet (and eventually to lose its own identity—Canada's pride, the MacLaughlin) priced at $1,390 for the light six.

In the end though Masters went up to Embro where as everybody for miles around knew the Atkinson brothers were selling Ford Model Ts even faster than they could bring them in from the factory at Walkerville. Dr. Howard and Dr. Edgar Atkinson early in the century established a livery stable in Embro as an offshoot of their veterinary practice. The brothers now live in Thamesford, Ont., in lively retirement. In fact, when he built a new house recently Dr. Edgar, the elder at seventy-seven, insisted on including a veterinary dispensary. He drives with some dissatisfaction a large car of pastel shades and towering tail fins. "Wouldn't give it garage room if I could get a '16 brass-throat Model T," he growls.

As early as 1911 the Atkinsons saw the handwriting in the dust of the roads around Embro. A hardware salesman from Toronto, one of the traveling men who regularly hired Atkinson rigs to cover the region, turned up in a rented car. He claimed he could cover four times more territory than in a horse rig, and the Atkinsons decided it was time to add a horseless carriage to their stable.

In 1913 they applied for a Ford dealership, but were put off with a subdealership and a quota of eighteen cars to sell that year. They sold thirty-two and found themselves full-fledged by 1917. It was Howard who did the gabbing that sold the cars. Edgar recalls: "I was the man with the wrench who kept them sold. The Model T was a dandy guarantee for many days but we never limited our customers to that."

The Atkinsons' generous service policy originated in a trip on which Dr. Edgar learned how helpless a new motorist was away from home. He drove with his two young sons to Wingham, a good fifty road miles away. Something went wrong with a wheel bearing and they barely made it to the Ford continued on page 40



Bill Masters bought her new in 1918 for $690 and often hitched her to a harrow to work his farm.

Charlie Case paid $18 for her, to get her war gas tattoo—then left in Iowa with her.

Wilbs Schneider (seated left) owns her now; his daughter Marta (in car) gets her next. **William Fraser** paid $65 for her when at school.

Dr. Edgar Atkinson was partner in agency from which Masters bought her originally.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

HUGH GARNER GIVES FOUR REASONS WHY

"I've sworn off parties"



DRAWING BY PETER WHALLEY

1. I can't stand warmed-over psychology
2. I don't want to be somebody else's grounds for divorce
3. I hate watered whisky
4. I don't get invited anymore

My acquaintances (I no longer have any friends) used to invite me to parties at their houses. I say "used to" for my last invitation was in November of 1955. Since then I have been left to vegetate in anti-social bliss, and it couldn't have happened to a more willing troglodyte.

The party as a social event went out with pulled taffy and the phonograph horn, and its successors have become combinations of Fighting Words Bottle Bottle Who's Got The Bottle?, and places to make business and professional contacts. Even the eager host and hostess no longer refer to their soirées as parties, but hide their infant behind such euphemistic invitations as "How about dropping in for a drink Friday evening?" or "A few friends are calling around on Saturday night, and we'd like you to meet them."

My last party invitation, already referred to in the opening paragraph of this exposé, came from the wife of an acquaintance who had made himself a bundle that year running a Toronto bucket shop. In this couple's meteoric climb from limbo to the lap of luxury, the wife had absorbed the last half of Dale Carnegie's How To Win Friends And Influence People, without bothering her hennaed head about the first half. On the way, too, she had gained a smattering of the philosophy of Norman Vincent Peale and some warmed-over psychology from the women's pages of her favorite paper. She had also acquired a broad A, which stayed with her until the third highball of the evening.

Now that she and her husband could afford to purchase more than one bottle of liquor at a time, she decided to become the local version of Perle Mesta or Elsa Maxwell. Though amply endowed to step into the girdle of either of these ladies, her circle of celebrities was restricted to put it charitably. That is why she got around to inviting me.

She pulled a switch on the "We'd like you to meet our friends" routine by saying, "Our friends would like to meet you," which warned me right away what sort of party it would be. I knew that I was to be exhibit B in the literary division.

"You don't have to bother to dress," she went on, which might have fooled a less astute invitee into thinking the hostess was president of the local sea bathing association. However, I haven't read Michael Arlen and E. Phillips Oppenheim for nothing. I knew she was referring to a dinner jacket, which I would have had to rent in any case.

The party was a huge success. There was only one fist fight as far as I know instituted by the representative of the fourth estate who accused a lawyer of trying to steal either his wife or his drink. There were more million-dollar stock deals being bandied around than you could overhear in a Bay Street

continued on page 51



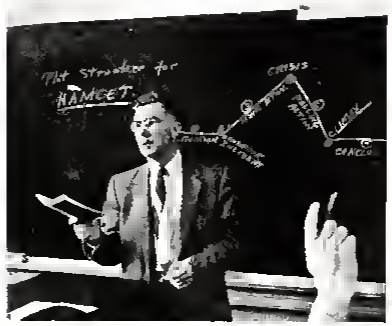
THE KIDS PLAY MEDIEVAL GAMES

With the festival in town grimes of copsord rulers have been forgotten. Now kids take them the from Shakespeare and fight it out with swords *a la* Harry V.



THE RESIDENTS HAVE GROWN BLASE

Festival draws so many VIPs townspeople no longer stop to stare. Above Governor General Massey (right) takes to grass to pass unimpressed citizens



THE TEACHERS HAVE IT EASIER

High school teacher John Orrit finds pupils no longer turn up their noses at Shakespeare. Some have become regular playgoers



THE SHOPPERS ARE CHOOSIER

Visitors with sophisticated tastes for such things as lizard worms and snake soup at Heinrich's (top) by John and Mary Ward (above). Now townspeople buy too



THE SKYLINE HAS A NEW SILHOUETTE

The people of Stratford put up more than $100,000 to help build a new $1½-million theatre. To date they've given the festival more than $253,000



AND THE ARTS ARE ATTRACTING INDUSTRY

Multihead Instruments plant (above) is one of several drawn by the campaign (see billboard) to woo industry with festival's prestige

WHAT SHAKESPEARE'S DOING TO STRATFORD

It was just a sleepy town. Then came the festival. Now it entertains diplomats and movie stars, dresses for cocktails, makes a fad of food and — gad! —admits that actors aren't all hell-hound

By Alan Phillips

Success is a strange phenomenon. Take the case of my birthplace. This spring it is building a million-and-a-half dollar classical theatre that Montreal or Toronto might well envy. Yet forty years ago it was just another railroad town—a farming centre conservative and obscure. When anyone asked me where I was born I told them Stratford, in southwestern Ontario, about a hundred miles from Toronto.

Then Tom Patterson, a business-paper editor who was also born there, talked Stratford into backing a Shakespearean drama festival. In one summer it became one of the world's great cultural meccas, a success story that has been told in some fifty magazine articles, several books and a National Film Board movie. On opening night this city of 20,108 gets more space in the world's great newspapers than Ottawa gets in a month. Stratford has appeared on TV as far south as Mexico. Through the CBC the first Ontario concert of Stratford residents has been heard in Europe and South America. Now when anyone asks me where I was born, all I need say is "Stratford."

But it is an axiom of success that those who achieve it are changed, either for better or worse. What has forty years of fame done to this typical Ontario city? This is the question Maclean's sent me to Stratford to try to answer.

The only mark of the festival immediately apparent is the number of tourist homes: four new motels, the new Victorian Inn on the Avon River, some china busts of the bard's characters in the gift shop windows and two circumspect signs reading "Stratford—Home of the World-Famous Shakespearean Festival." It's still a quiet city, faintly old-worldly rustic-flavored. Avon Dairies still delivers milk in horse-drawn wagons. Just the week before I arrived three swans had waddled uphill from the river, which meanders through the centre of the city, and held up main-street traffic for fifteen minutes.

With the coming of spring this sleep-free tempo quickens. Like an animal waking from hibernation the festival organization sloughs its winter lethargy. First designers then seamstresses start work. A local choir begins practising chorales for festival background music. Actors descend on the city—four hundred Canadians and fifty Americans last year applied for roles.

Come summer and Ontario Street sprouts gaily colored flags. Dozens of festival signs blossom from lampposts. Floodlights banish night from the medieval-looking courthouse and the prim Shakespearean Gardens.

By opening night the city's normally steady pulse is fluttering. The Jaycees are manning their information centre by the post office; the Kinsmen their refreshment booth at the theatre. Pensioners from the local police force patrol the park. Thirty-four Stratford boys have been drilled as ushers. The twenty-man St. John Ambulance brigade stands by with two horses.

And then they come—a thousand cars a day. The visitors flow through five motels, half a dozen hotels and four hundred rooms in one hundred and fifty private homes. One out of every thirty-two families takes in festival guests, not only hard-pressed pensioners but wealthy factory owners, who never know when they may be asked to put up the Israeli ambassador, Billy Rose or Jennifer Jones.

The festival office inspects the rooms, sets the rate and collects from the guests ($3.50 single, $5 double, an estimated $35,000 in all last year). If a guest complains justifiably, that home comes off the list. But guests are more often treated like one of the family. They taste the real flavor of Stratford, return year after year and often exchange Christmas cards with their hosts. When a retired Stratford school teacher broke her hip in a fall last year, she was naturally concerned that she wouldn't be well in time to take care of her guests.

Into a town where a single French Canadian was once a novelty people poured last year from continued on page 71

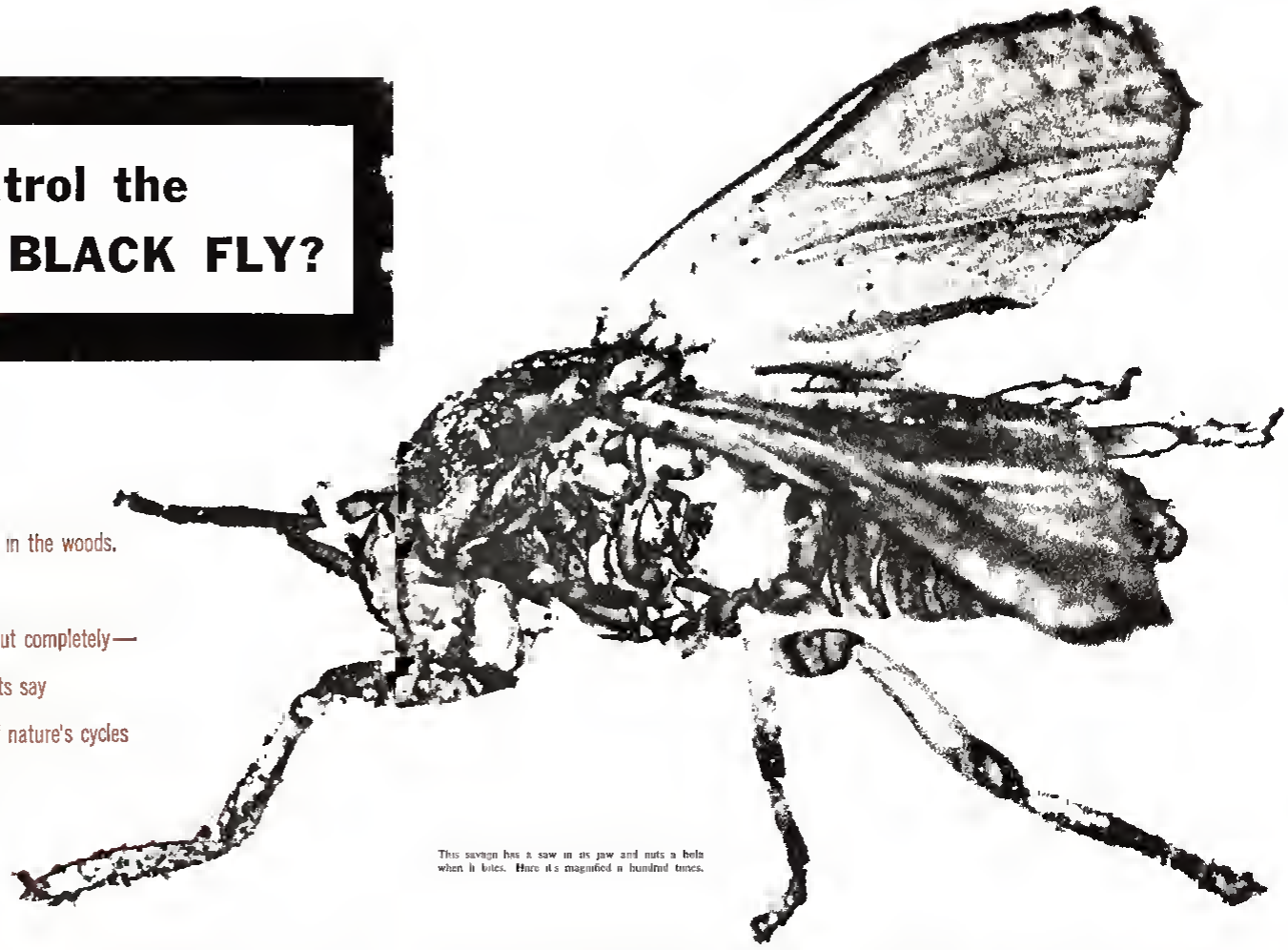
Grateful Stratford renamed street to honor Tyrone Guthrie, festival's first director



Will we ever control the BLOODTHIRSTY BLACK FLY?

BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

It kills cattle,
ruins vacations
and disrupts work in the woods.
Even with DDT
we can't wipe it out completely—
and some scientists say
we'll wreck one of nature's cycles
if we keep trying



This savage has a saw in its jaw and nuts a hole when it bites. Here it's magnified a hundred times.

At this moment black flies are rising by the billion from rivers and streams across Canada. In desperate self-defense holidaymakers are struggling into heavy protective clothing, daubing themselves with sticky repellents and doing their best to enjoy themselves in a haze of insect-killing sprays. In spite of their precautions the black fly is going to ruin thousands of carefully planned vacations. Its vicious bite will drive people indoors at noon, and its numbers will sometimes make it hard for people to speak — or even breathe.

The black fly is thickest in the north where, with its biting colleague the mosquito, it has been an often-overlooked factor in retarding economic development. It breeds and bites just when work in the north is reaching its brief and crucial summer climax. It attacks pulpwood workers, trappers, construction men, soldiers, airmen and radar operators, and cuts their efficiency when it's needed most.

The black fly is equipped with serrated jaws that cut like saws. By slashing these cutters together, he literally chops a hole in you. A pool of blood forms in the hole, and the black fly begins drinking.

Sheer numbers of hungry black flies have sent men rushing panic-stricken through the bush in search of refuge. Black flies have killed cattle, grouse, ducks, turkeys and caribou. They've sickened thousands of holidaymakers with the after effects of their bites.

Contrary to common belief, the black fly is not an exclusively Canadian pest. Its close relatives—they look and behave just like the local variety—infest the whole world. They kill cattle in Europe, blood parches in Africa, disrupt work in Central America and infuriate Russians, Chinese and Australians.

While we slap and curse the black fly with as much futility as anybody else, Canada is perhaps the first nation to control the pest even partially. This control, achieved within recent years by the combined efforts of the Defense Research Board, the Department of Agriculture and the Pulp and Paper Association, has nearly eliminated black flies in some places. But for most people the black fly is as much of a problem today as it ever was.

On its own, the black fly isn't particularly fearsome. Its bite isn't as painful as that of a gnat or small it's called no-see-um. It doesn't take as much of your blood as a mosquito, it bites only when the humidity is between seventy and ninety and the wind is light, and it sleeps all night. Of the sixty varieties that live in Canada, only a couple—*Simulium venustum* Say and *Prosimulium hirtipes* (Fries) — are major biters of mankind. What makes the black fly extraordinary is its numbers; it will infest areas in a pond where outdoor human activities practically come to a standstill.

The black fly is a tiny insect, about an eighth of an inch long, with short broad wings and short legs. On your arm it looks like a small black gnat. When one lands on you it scurries rapidly into biting position, preferably in a dark place—under your watch strap, under your belt, in your socks, or maybe under your hat brim. Seen through a microscope it has a peculiarly determined look, with a permanently humped back as though it was hunching its shoulders forward over its low-slung head.

The species begins life as a tiny, glistening yellowish egg, laid under or near fast-flowing water. It hatches into larva within a few days or else spends the entire fall and winter as an egg. Each fly lays between three hundred and a thousand eggs, and the total number of eggs laid by a colony of flies can staggar the imagination. A member of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists last summer estimated in sixteen million the number of black fly eggs he saw on a fifteen-foot-long rock outcrop near a waterfall in Quebec Province.

After developing to larva form the black fly spins a cocoon (or pupa) underwater. Later it bursts from the cocoon as a fully grown fly, ascends to the surface in a bubble of gas and immediately takes off. The adult fly may live several days or several weeks. Some subspecies live through a single generation, and others as many as four generations between April and October. In the far north the cycle lasts only from the end of June to September.

The black fly's function in nature is obscure. Some birds eat it on the wing, and its eggs and larvae provide food for other insects and some varieties of fish. Many people claim its true function is to harry, infuriate and bite every available Canadian. A diamond driller, C. P. Barager, at work in muskeg country in Ontario, once claimed he needed a flashlight to see his way through clouds of black flies in daylight. In 1891 a Harvard scientist, A. S. Pinkard, was horrified at the numbers of black flies in Labrador. He reported they were so thick they sent Newfoundland dogs howling into the water to be partially submerged, out of the black flies' reach.

Till 1947 Canadians endured attacks of similar virulence with hapless resignation. But then the Defense Research Board, alarmed by the way black flies could shatter the fighting spirit of soldiers in the north, asked the Department of Agriculture to investigate methods of combating the menace.

Soon after this Dr. Bryan Hocking (University of Alberta), Dr. C. R. Twinn (Department of Agriculture) and W. C. McDuffie (U.S. Department of Agriculture), found through intensive experiments at Churchill, Manitoba, that one part of DDT mixed with ten million parts of water killed black fly larvae in rivers and streams but left everything else unharmed.

This was the beginning of a battle against the black fly during which the insect was studied as intensively as a neurotic on a psychiatrist's couch. Scientists wanted to know every mannerism of the black fly so they could continued on page 63

John Womble's second dream

After he was shipwrecked in an African paradise everything seemed familiar — dusky maidens, happy natives, his fat contentment. Then he realized one thing was different...

A fable by Robert Ayre

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HODGSON



Horns blew, drums beat, natives shouted and Joha Womble was carried in the chief. "I'll awake in a minute," he said, as the flames crackled and climbed.

There was once a man who was somewhat perturbed because his house burned down in the middle of the night and cut off prematurely an important dream he was undergoing. The dream came true in after years and left him suspended in an awkward position which inclined him to the opinion that eating Lobster Newburg just before going to bed is indiscreet if you are not used to such luxuries. But it was a vain regret. The man's name was John Womble, and John Womble's dream was this.

It seems he was shipwrecked on the west coast of Africa and washed ashore in his shirt. As a modest man of a religious turn of mind he would have been chagrined at this had he been conscious, but he knew nothing about it and was spared the shame. The black natives who came dancing and whooping down to the shore thought nothing of it, but picked him up and bore him shoulder high on their shields far inland to the impenetrable jungles.

When John Womble recovered his reason he was astounded to find himself lying on a bed of rushes in a dark and smelly native hut. He cried out and a black girl glided in and put a gourd to his lips. John then perceived that he was naked and, blushing furiously, he pulled a handful of rushes over his loins and ordered the girl out. She grinned and disappeared but afterward glided in again and brought him a basket of bananas.

John in time grew accustomed to his unclothed body and gradually overcame his bashfulness. The months passed by. John walked about the village, learned the language and made friends with all the natives. They would not let him go beyond the stake fence that surrounded the little cluster of mud-roofed huts, but he was quite happy. He had a hut to himself, had he cultivated good company and was not long in giving way to that secret love of self-indulgence against which the fateful Lobster Newburg should have been a warning. He had all the native wine he could hold and was foolish enough to take more, and he ate until he was so fat and handsome that he was continually being compared with the chief. In spite of his religious convictions he became a father and took pleasure in speculating before the stork arrived as to which of the girls would become the first mother.

Whenever John Womble strutted about the place and twitted the chief for losing weight, the chief smiled knowingly, but John was too complacent to notice what kind of smile it was. "The chief," said he, "sattles plavely nowadays. He is jealous. The people admire me more than they do him." It was so. Fatness seemed to be the most desirable quality a human being could have, and all the natives sat and gazed at John Womble in admiration and envy. At least John Womble understood it to be envy.

Alas for John Womble, it was not envy. No one was more surprised than John Womble when he found it out.

The discovery was made on the evening of the day the chief did him the honor of waddling over to his hut.

"Good morning, Misto Womble," said the chief. (John was the sort of man who insisted on being called Mister under all circumstances.)

"Good morning, Your Roundness," said he, and groaned to himself as if he had said something ironical. "Won't you squat?"

"You are looking well," the chief said admiringly as he squatted.

"I'm fit, thanks," John Womble replied patronizingly. "Sorry to see that you are looking a little seedy yourself, Your Roundness."

"Oh, it is nothing, I assure you," said the chief. "Thank you for your solicitude, nevertheless. I have been taking too much exercise, I fear. The responsibilities of state conspire against rotundity. Still, after the feast I shall take a vacation and get the full benefit of it."

"The feast?" asked Womble, lifting his eyebrows and laying down the gourd from which he was drinking.

"The feast," repeated the chief, taking up the gourd. "The barbecue. I have been preparing for it for months. It is in your honor, Misto Womble."

"I am flattered, Your Roundness."

"It is an honor to the village and a great pleasure," said the chief. "We could not do less for a person of such proportions. We might have invited...

continued on page 54





"Well, it's a sorry world indeed when a man can't buy a drink for his best friend."

Sweet & sour



Lew Parker

A Toronto shoplifter was sentenced to six months in jail after he tried to slip out of a department store with seventy-two dollars worth of silverware in a paper shopping bag. He almost got away with it but not quite. The bottom fell out of the bag as he was leaving the store and attracted store detectives.

Criminal Negligence

BY PAUL STEINER

An inmate who managed to escape from an Ontario prison during a dense fog, thumbed a ride and discovered too late that he was riding with one of his guards.

When a Montreal gunman pointed a pistol at a woman bank teller she promptly fainted, stumbled against the buzzer that set off the bank's alarm system and caused the holdup man to rush out empty handed.

Inept safecrackers who tried to blow open an Orillia, Ont., grocery safe used two nitroglycerine charges, succeeded only in turning nine thousand dollars into confetti and didn't make a single cent.

When an Ontario man drove up to a police station to ask why they hadn't caught the thieves who looted his home, he got quick action. He was charged with auto theft when officers discovered the car he used on his visit was stolen.

A forger was seized as he stood in line before the cashier of a Toronto bank because the customer behind him noticed he was about to cash a cheque endorsed with the patron's own name.



Conversation pieces

Gone are the days of our spirited chats,
Discussions of Hollywood sins;
Gone are the days when we criticized plays,
Gone is our interest in cars.

Though with gossip of politics murder or war,
We start with the finest intentions,
Today we've a knack of slipping right back
To talk of retirement and pensions.

Leonard K. Schiff

Voluntary statement

Astute politicians who never abandon
A disinclination to say where they stand on
The question on which their constituents press
For a definite No or a resolute Yes
Consider that one of their pleasantest tasks
Is to answer the questions that nobody asks.

P. J. Blackwell

Fond memory

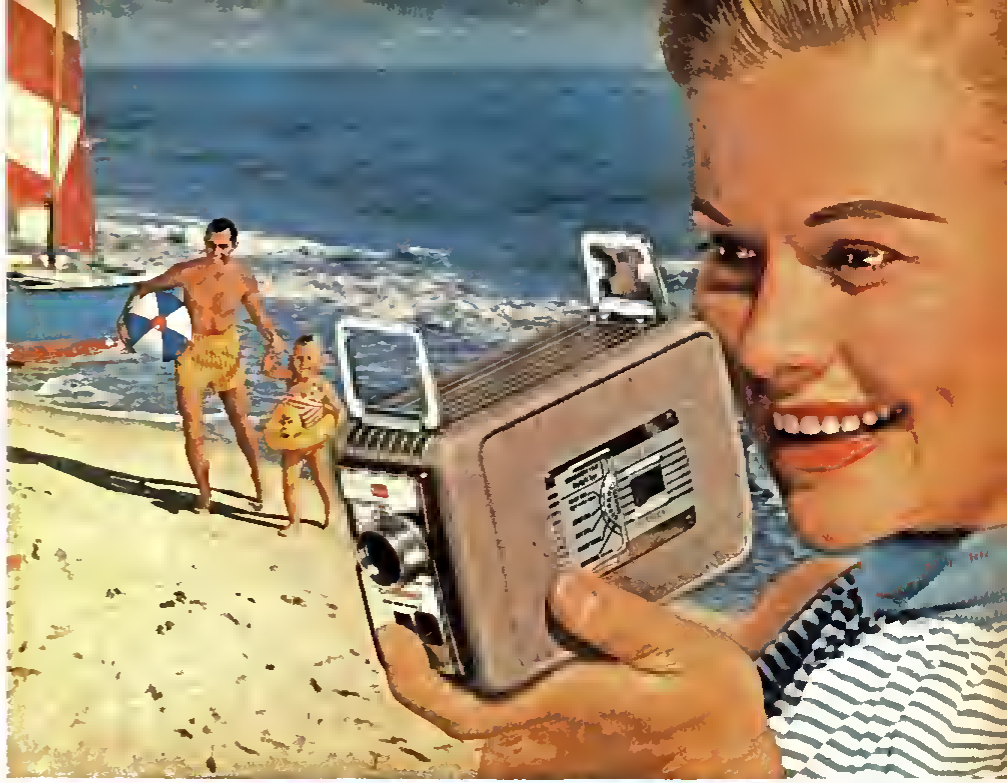
I'm getting decidedly ancient, I guess
For I can remember when
A five-dollar bill meant an S O S
For change in the 5 and 10!

Ivan J. Collins



TON SMITS

"Smile!"



Brownie Movie Camera, f 2.7, only $36.95—most popular movie maker in the world!

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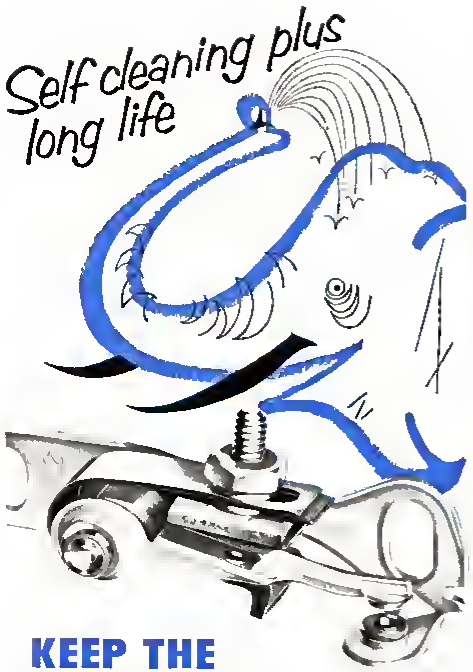
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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **Yangtse Incident** The true story of the Royal Navy frigate Amethyst which was stranded and crippled by Chinese Communist shore batteries in April 1949 while peacefully steaming up the Yangtse River toward Nanking from the coast, by Larry Earl, a well-known Canadian journalist and Maclean's contributor. There are some remarkably realistic scenes of naval warfare with Richard Todd as the embattled British commander. Also memorable is a cat-and-mouse conjunction between this officer and a crafty Chinese colonel (Akim Tamiroff), although the latter's Slavic accent is mildly disconcerting.

Doctor at Large: No. 3 in the British series of slaphappy medical farces has several slow or dullish episodes but enough lively fun to qualify it as a recommendable item. A novice physician (Dirk Bogarde) encounters all sorts of bizarre characters—doctors as well as patients—before getting his chance at surgery. With Donald Sinden, James Robertson Justice, Muriel Pavlow.

The Gold of Naples. A five-story package deal from Italy, overlong and at times difficult to follow. Its best moments however prove that director Vittorio de Sica (*Shoe Shine, The Bicycle Thief*) is still a master of his craft. With Sophia Loren, Silvana Mangano.

The Strange One: Fascinating in the way that a killer cobra is fascinating, this is a nasty story about life in a Southern military academy, written for the screen by Calder Willingham from his own novel and play *End as a Man*. The central role of a cadet who is a monstrous sadist is skillfully played by Ben Gazzara.

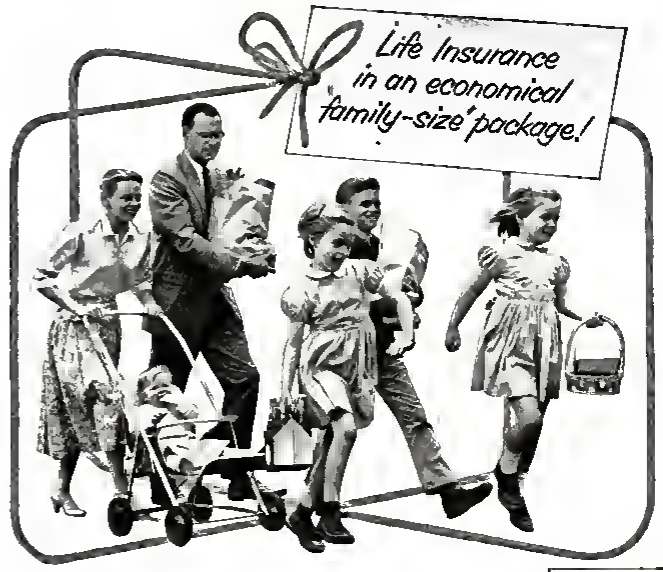
Town on Trial: Likeable though he is, John Mills seems implausible as a Scotland Yard superintendent who comports himself like an American "private eye" while investigating a pair of sex murders in a quiet English town.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Baby and the Battleship: Navy comedy. Good.
Bachelor Party: Drama. Good.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Romantic drama. Fair.
Boy on a Dolphin: Treasure-hunting comedy-drama. Good.
The Brave One: Mexico drama. Good.
Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.
Bundle of Joy: Comedy. Fair.
The Buster Keaton Story: Biographical comedy-drama. Fair.
Confidential Report: Mystery. Poor.
Designing Woman: Comedy. Good.
Dramour: South-in-1865 drama. Good.
Fear Strikes Out: Drama. Good.
Full of Life: Comedy. Good.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
Girl in Black Stockings: Crime. Fair.
Goodbye My Lady: Drama. Good.
Great American Pastimer: Comedy. Fair.
The Great Man: Drama. Excellent.
The Green Man: Comedy. Fair.
Gunfight at the OK Corral: Western. Good.
The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison: Drama. Good.
Hot Summer Night: Crime drama. Fair.
House of Secrets: Crime drama. Fair.
The Incredible Shrinking Man: Science fiction thriller. Excellent.
The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.
Last of the Badmen: Western. Fair.
Maddalena: Drama. Fair.
The Magnificent Seven: Japanese action drama. Good.
Man in Water: War drama. Fair.
Oh, Men! Oh, Women!: Comedy. Fair.
Paris Does Strange Things: Romantic comedy. Poor.
The Rainmaker: Comedy-drama. Good.
The River's Edge: Action. Fair.
Shadow on the Window: Crime. Fair.
The Silent World: Undersea true-life drama in color. Topps.
Smiley: Austral a comedy-drama. Good.
The Spanish Gardener: Drama. Good.
The Spirit of St. Louis: Biographical action drama. Good.
Spring Reunion: Comedy-drama. Fair.
The Tall T: Western. Fair.
The Tattered Dress: Drama. Fair.
Ten Thousand Bedrooms: Comedy. Good.
12 Angry Men: Drama. Excellent.
The Wrong Man: Drama. Good.
The Young Stranger: Drama. Good.

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LOOKING FOR QUALITY? LOOK FOR THIS TAG

LIGHTNING FASTENER COMPANY LIMITED ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO



The private life of a Model T

Continued from page 24

company's recently appointed dealer.

"You keep a stock of parts?" asked Dr. Edgar.

"Sure," said the dealer. He took from a drawer a matchbox full of miscellaneous odds and ends. "Pick out the part you need," he invited.

Annually Model T dealers were required to stock ten dollars in parts for every car sold. That would not go far in a 1957 model but the handbook Masters received with his car noted that "the eighteen most required parts cost a total of $5.40," and the changes authorized for various jobs make his car owning friends of today summer when Masters recalls them. Valve and carbon job $3, replace front fender $3.75, remove running board, straighten and replace, $1; install new muffler, $2.60; align front wheels, forty cents."

When Masters visited the Atkinsons' livery stable at Embro late in the fall of 1918 they had only one of each Model T body style left in stock, a runabout at $660, a touring at $690, a coupe at $875 and the "luxury" car of the line, a $1075 sedan. That year they had sold a record forty cars, a turnover that enabled them to dispose of the horses and buggies and sell their future solely on automobiles, although as they put it they had "about enough capital to buy a tin whistle."

Dr. Edgar's confidence in his own ability to handle cars as well as horses had been boosted by something that happened that year. The Ford plant at Walkerville, working on a rather casual schedule, found itself producing more chassis than bodies. Presently the storage spaces were uncomfortably full of Model T skeletons, so Ford started shipping them out to dealers with the incongruous promise "body and fenders will follow." When these turned up Dr. Edgar assembled the finished products. Forty years later he could give an expert once over to the car he sold Bill Masters and annalade with satisfaction that he had put one together so they stayed put that way.

Masters wanted the touring car. But he also wanted it equipped with a self starter, a luxury that was available as a $90 extra in the late 1918 model. But Dr. Howard Atkinson, the salesman brother, wanted him. "Three or four people are mighty anxious to buy that car just as she is." So Masters took out a bankroll and paid cash on the spot. It wasn't until thirty years and four owners later that the car finally got her self-starter.

Edgar Atkinson chuckled when he was reminded of the transaction recently. "Howard was a great one for making people want to buy," he said. Competition was fierce and salesmen than as now were alert to gimmicks. One salesman, when he approached farmers of a time they would be working in their fields, took along an experienced farm hand who would take over the farmer's ploughing, while the latter listened to the sales talk. Selling cars was as seasonal as selling ice or coal. Dr. Edgar remembers: "Nobody would think of buying a car with winter coming on," he says. "The company used to allow us twenty-two percent profit on cars we kept over the winter, instead of the fifteen percent we usually got. One time I had to make a trip into Woodstock in December and as usual I phoned around to see who else would like to go. I picked up a carload of women and all the way in they wouldn't get over driving that late in the year. 'Fancy' they kept saying, 'motoring in December!'"

One of the services that came with a new car was driving lessons provided by Dr. Edgar. Masters got the hang of it in one lesson, but many students landed car and teacher in the mud presently muddy ditch at least once before they realized that 'whoa' 'gee' and 'haw' had no influence on a Model T. Women drivers were rare in 1918. The first one Dr. Edgar taught was a widow whose husband had been killed when his car overturned. She went into mourning for a year and kept the car locked in a shed in between. Then one spring day she telephoned the Atkinsons. "Tina I learned to handle this thing," she said. "Come out and show me how." And she drove the Model T competently and happily for the rest of her own life.

The driver's license had not yet been invented in 1918 and ability to drive was largely a matter of the individual's interpretation and conscience. When he was as young as twelve, Howard Atkinson's elder son Anson, now a medical doctor practising at Norwood, Ont., carried Fords to Embro from the factory in Walkerville, now part of the city of Windsor. Sometimes a customer grabbed to pick up his own car at the factory—occasionally with weird results.

The horse on wheels

There was a Woodstock man who thought driving a car was a natural talent like driving a horse. He took delivery of his car at the factory and headed east along Highway 2. All went well on the open road but when he reached the first town, Tilbury, the traffic and pedestrians on the main street terrified him. He stopped, telephoned a Tilbury man he knew and implored him to pilot the car through town. With open highway ahead he took over again—until Chatham. Then he telephoned another friend to take the car through. The same process was repeated at Thamesville, London, Thamesford and Ingersoll, until finally he gained the familiar outskirts of Woodstock. "He was lucky to have so many friends along the road," chuckled Dr. Edgar.

From the day Bill Masters got his own Model T home his life changed profoundly and so did that of his mother, who had shrewdly perceived in the first place that a car on the farm was "the coming thing." There was scarcely an evening of chores that Bill didn't have the car out, taking his mother to a Ladies' Aid meeting or a church supper or himself to a dance or a movie in town featuring Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan or just joyriding around the county with neighboring young folks behind headlights that shone brighter the faster he drove. Masters was a personable young bachelor who never lacked for passengers.

"But I never forgot that I'd bought the car instead of a team of horses," he adds, "and she had to earn her keep." He took her into the fields and hitched harrow and cultivator to her, and she pulled them even through heavy going without a murmur. He piled her with bags of grain to haul to the feed mill and then had to chase the mice that



clumbed into her to eat the seeds that freaked and stayed to nest in her upholstery

Ten years the Model T served the Masters with never an anxious moment or a serious breakdown. Then some weeks Mrs. Masters didn't come out for her usual rides, and then she died. It was the day of a raging blizzard and two days later the doctor lay deep everywhere. The funeral coach stuck at the gate of the laneway some distance from the house and Masters had to trudge up the Model T and drive her back and forth along the lane mashing down a pathway so the funeral could proceed. When Bill Masters got her back into her shed he never got behind her wheel again.

He decided to go west and try farming in Alberta. Two years later he was back home, his health severely affected by an accident in which he was nearly asphyxiated by tractor exhaust fumes. His doctor ordered him not to drive a car. He moved into Woodstock and got a job as waiter at the Royal Hotel. The Model T remained locked in her shed out at the farm.

"I didn't forget her," says Masters. "I always hoped the doctor would let me drive again. That's why I didn't sell her. I suppose it was a matter of pride too. A man who has owned a car hates to become a man who doesn't own a car. As long as she was out there, I could talk about 'my car' along with the other waiters."

The car that Masters talked about became the subject of a fad of kidding among the Royal's waiters and tavern regulars. Some maintained the car is figment of his imagination; this car he boasted would climb the side of a barn in reverse; would sometimes start when the switch was turned on even though she had no self-starter; would navigate floods up to her hubcaps and sail through the deepest ruts with ease.

In 1943, thirteen years after he had locked his car up, Masters suddenly decided to sell her. A new waiter named Charlie Case came to work at the Royal and after listening to tales of Bill Master's car offered him ten dollars for her. "Sold!" said Masters. His acceptance surprised even himself. Masters later admitted that his decision was partly prompted by the thought that the double

Mail Call

Steps on the porch, rush to the door. Circulars there — nothing more.

Macie Lester Pickett

ing waiters and customers would finally see his car parked at the door of the hotel beverage room.

Case had other ideas. He already owned a good middle-aged car, and he proposed to tow the Model T into his back yard and use it his own car the three gallons a week ration to which the Model T would be entitled.

"Your car won't run, anyway," he told Masters.

"Sure she will," Masters answered indignantly. "At least she was running fine when I drove in there."

Confidently he poured gasoline into the tank, pumped the carburetor, gave two quick flips to the crank handle in just the way that had always worked with her—and the motor rumbled into life for all the world as if it had been an hour instead of fourteen years since she had last run. Case scrainched his head in wonderment and set about seriously appraising his investment. He soon realized that instead of two dollars worth of junk he had bought something that lovers of the Model T dream about: a car that has been stored for longer than it has been used.

True, there were things to be done. The floor of the shed had collapsed with thirteen years' weight and the car was resting on her axles. When she was jacked up and hauled out, the tires were flat but three of them held air perfectly when they were pumped up. The upholstery was intact but bulging. It was softened with a liberal dousing of oil which drove out several families of mice that had made their homes in the stuffing for countless generations. The cloth "coming top" was intact too as were the mica side curtains. There was even the Model T version of a gasoline gauge: a marked rick that pushed into the underseat tank translated the level of whatness into gallons remaining.

That day in 1943 Charlie Case proudly drove home with expired license plates—thirteen years unpaid. Instead of relegating his purchase to the bank yard though, he turned his newly car own to his wife and adopted the Model T as his personal car. For the next two years the car more than made up for her long hibernation. At that time beer was tightly rationed in Ontario and hotels remained open only for a couple of hours a day. Case and his fellow waiters used the enforced spare time to take almost daily trips into the surrounding area. "We got to know the country around Woodstock better than we had in all our lives before or since," Case maintains. And his wife and children too came to prefer the Ford to the "new" car for picnics and week-end outings.

With the end of the war the second phase in the Model T's life came to an abrupt end. Case was to move to a new job and decided to sell his. On his last outing with his hotel colleagues he detected a strange look on Bill Masters' face. On impulse he said: "Like to drive for a bit, Bill?"

"Oh yes," answered Masters eagerly. "I've been hoping you'd ask me that for two years."

He slid behind the wheel and went through the routine that was second nature to millions of Model T drivers: left foot on gear pedal to hold it in neutral as combined gearholder and emergency brake lever is released; press gear lever gently down while pulling accelerator hand lever down to gain speed; then a sudden flip upward of the accelerator contraptions with releasing gear pedal all the way back to change into high and finally the gradual pull on the gas to result in cruising speed.

When Masters finished that last ride he told Case: "Thanks, Charlie, she was just like I remember her."

Case sold the car for fifty dollars to Leroy Couch, a young man who was starting his first job and wanted a car to get to work. With the car went a rather dog-eared instruction manual. "Always drain gasoline through chamois and water through merlin," it cautioned and "remember you have control of more speed than you can safely use." Case gave Couch something else it was customary for Model T owners to pass on to successive owners—a briefing on the car's personal quirks and idiosyncrasies. Knowledge of which could make the difference between good and bad performance. For example: the exact amount the choke wire protruding handily near to the crank handle should be pulled out and the strategic instant it should be pushed back in for successful starting. Between owners was assumed to know without being told such simple facts as how to clear a choked fuel line (remove front seat, unscrew gasoline-tank filler cap, press mouth firmly into aperture, blow until head reels and spots appear before eyes). The procedure leaves a dirty ring around the mouth but it almost always clears the gas line). Or how to climb a hill that the car wouldn't go up in low (go in reverse—the reasonable explanation being that the gear ratio of reverse was lower than low gear: fourteen to one instead of ten to one).

After Couch bought the Model T she started to have the occasional breakdown. He suspected that she had run too many miles without a complete overhaul. She needed but he had no way of knowing. Like her sixteen million sisters she had no speedometer. Model T owners had to devise their own rule of thumb to estimate how far and how fast they were driving. A popular diagnostic formula went this way: "At ten miles an hour the lamps shine at twenty the fenders quiver at thirty the windshield vibrates—and over that you can hear the passengers' bones rattle."

For weeks at a time the Model T stood inoperative on a lot in Honey Street, Woodstock, forlorn and to admirers of the wondrous new postwar cars unlovely. But she had none of these blemishes in the eyes of a gangly young high-school boy named William (Slim) Houser, who had to pass her every day on his way to school. He approached Couch, who agreed to accept sixty-five dollars for her "as is." Financed by his father (with a reluctance that began to rub off Slim's enthusiasm to overcome) Houser and three schoolmates, Ross Deller, Ralph Davis and Wilfred Schneider, took delivery. She wouldn't start, and the tires were shot, but the four boys manhandled her into Houser's yard and went to work on her.

The principal wasn't impressed

Houser quoted Henry Ford's dictum that black was the only suitable color for a Model T and painted her a tasteful blue. When he got her running he became the first student at Woodstock Collegiate to drive to and from school in his own personal car. It was a status that did not impress principal E. P. Hodgins who would periodically request that Houser park his eyesore elsewhere than directly before the school's front door.

Houser had to develop special techniques for operating a car on a school boy's budget. Antifreeze, for example, was out of the question. On winter mornings he started the car with its radiator empty and immediately filled it with water which would not freeze as long as the motor ran. When he finished school he drained the radiator. After school he drove the car wireless, the shortest way home and left it ready for the start and refill drill next morning. By giving all his trade to one gasoline station he persuaded the proprietor to dole out fuel in fifteen-cent or twenty-cent squirts—often representing the total cash in hand of Houser and friends. A burned-out bearing beat an infrequent contingency was treated temporarily by begging three five-gallon cans full of crankcase drainings from the nearest service station and stopping every three miles or so to replenish the Model T's oil as it leaked out the dead bearing.

The Model T's infirmities at this stage of its career were not so much inherent as the inevitable result of having to operate on a frayed shoestring, or as many



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Forlorn and trapped by nightfall the Model T crept blindly ahead, feeling its way back home

a proud owner of the same model put it "on its reputation alone." The car faced even more ridicule. It became a sort of unofficial mascot of the Woodstock High School football team and as such the target for supporters of rival schools. Win or lose, the opposition fans developed an irresistible desire to tip over the Model T, and it was often the innocent victim of lively affrays.

On one memorable occasion Houser escaped with a carload of cheerleaders after a bitterly fought game. As he turned to wave derisively at the outdistanced pursuers the car ran into a pothole. The steering rod was bent so badly that the front wheels were spread apart and the car was immobilized. While the other side jeered and his own carload of girls giggled, Houser crawled under the car and straightened the rod with his bare hands.

"They thought it was sheer brute strength," he recalled recently, "but actually it was soft metal."

The most perilous of all the Model T's journeys were those that found it away from home after nightfall. Its lighting system, when operated only when the motor was running, worked erratically when it worked at all. More than once Slim's father, Clifford Houser, a building contractor, had to drive out into the countryside in search of a forlorn sight—an unlighted Model T crawling along the shoulder of the road in low gear, blindly feeling its way home.

In 1946 Houser knew exactly what he wanted to become: an RCAF pilot. His remuneration was modest: a part-time job that paid seven dollars a week and one twenty-eight year-old car. He calculated that, with luck, those should be just enough. A half-hour weekly flying lesson from the veteran pilot Al Smith at London airport cost five dollars. The remaining two dollars might cover the Model T's gas, oil and repairs—provided the latter didn't arise.

As if the old car realized that school days' fun was over and a young man's future was involved, she behaved courageously. Her whole crummet Houser was not once late or absent from a flying lesson. But the sight of the spindly vehicle rumbling up to the air-age hangars never failed to rouse a guffaw.

Soon after he won his civilian wings Houser joined the RCAF. He is now a flight lieutenant stationed at Trenton, an instructor and one of Canada's most experienced jet pilots.

When the time came to dispose of the Model T in favor of jets Houser knew who was his best prospect. He was Willis Schneider, the schoolmate who had suffered and triumphed along with Houser over the car's ups and downs, and in the process had become an incurable Model T fan.

Ever since he left school to learn the building trade Schneider had been saving up to buy a Model T—Houser's if he'd sell it or somebody else's. He still suffers when he thinks how close he came to snatching what was probably Canada's top Model T. One day he and his boss were working on the roof of a new house on Highway 2 near Woodstock. Presently the boss heard Schneider's hammer blows inside and then stop. He followed the direction of his assistant's rapt gaze and saw a truck disappearing down the highway. Atop the truck was a Model T.

"All right," said the boss with a resigned shrug, "chase after it. Takin my car?"

Schneider descended from the roof with perilous speed and gave chase. An hour later he was back, shaking his head sadly and yet with the connoisseur's gleam of appreciation in his eye. "It's the best I'll ever see," he told the boss. "But the guy who has it knows that. It's a Model T that's gone less than a hundred miles. Honest."

Schneider finally bought Slim Houser's Model T. Houser had put new tires on and the price was eighty dollars. Not only did that transaction mean that the car had fetched more money from its first second-hand price of ten dollars in 1943 through three more sales, but it probably established some sort of record: five sales, all for cash. Actually there was nothing unusual about the car selling new for cash. Dr. Edgar Atkinson, the dealer who sold the car to Bill Masters in 1918, recalls that the financing of car sales to those days was the exception rather than the rule.

"There were no finance companies that we knew of, any agencies ever heard of," he said. "If we liked the look of a man's face we might give him credit although it meant tying up our own capital. We never had to repossess a car, although some buyers were mighty slow payers. The slowest was a man who paid up a two-hundred-dollar note last summer on a car he had bought in 1925. Of course he'd been paying interest for thirty years."

"She doesn't look too bad"

Edwin Schneider, Willis' father, a retired farmer from Hickson, north of Woodstock, was displeased when his son broke the news that he owned a car. He didn't approve of young fellows gallivanting around in cars in the first place and he didn't approve of Fords in the second place. They didn't have sensible gear shifts like the Chevrolet, one of which he had owned on the farm. He forbade Willis to keep the car at home.

So the Model T had to spend her nights on vacant lots or friends' driveways, wherever there was space for her. But Schneider boldly drove her home for lunch. One day he father looked out the window, silently appraised the ancient auto at the curb and said: "Hm. She doesn't look too bad after all." With the first snows of the winter of 1947 Mr. Schneider said quietly: "Don't you think you should put up a garage for the winter?" It was the first garage the Model T had had to herself since her long hibernation in the shed at Beachville. Schneider senior and his wife enjoyed outings in the Model T—and he even drove her occasionally—until his death last year.

In 1951 a girl named Marion Hutchinson came to board at the house next door to the Schneiders on Ann Street in Woodstock. She had attended Woodstock High School had returned to her parents' farm at Innerkip a short distance south and now had returned to work in a Woodstock office. The first morning she looked out the window she saw something familiar parked in front of the next house. It was the Model T that those crazy boys had fooling around with at school. Presently one of the crazy boys, now grown into a husky man, came out of the house and got into the car. She recognized Willis Schneider.

"Actually I didn't know any of these Model T boys very well," Marion recalls. "I thought they were crazy, with that old



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Rexall Mi 31 Solution Pleasantly flavoured mouth wash, gargle, breath deodorant and antiseptic. 8 oz. reg. 65¢ now 47¢
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Rexall Motion Sickness Tablets. Help avoid nausea when travelling in cars, boats, planes, trains. 12 mg. 89¢ now 77¢
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20 Vol. U.S.P. 8 oz. reg. 47¢ now 37¢
Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Plaster Waterproof ½ x 5 yds. Reg 39¢ now 27¢
Rexall Quik Bandz Container of plain ⅝" bands, 1 medium pad. Reg. 69¢ now 37¢
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Rexall Fulfold Absorbent Cotton Sterilized 2 ounce package reg. 53¢, now 37¢
Rexall Instant Emergency Kit Ideal for use home cottage. Metal container includes Quik-Bandz, Gauze Bandage, Absorbent Cotton, Scissors, Eye Ointment, First Aid Manual. Reg. $2.69 now $2.47
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Rexall Quik-Swabs 200 sterilized 3" cotton tipped applicators. Reg. 55¢, now 47¢
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500 ¾ grain tablets reg. $1.25 now 87¢
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Stag Shaving Lotion Creamy oil-in-shape lotion menthol scented bottle Reg $1.00 now 77¢
Satchet Assorted Shave Cream Homogenized lemon lather makes shaving a treat 5 oz. reg. 98¢ now 87¢
Rexall Smoker's Tooth Powder Removes tobacco stains Reg. 60¢ now 47¢
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MEN'S GROOMING AIDS

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Stag Brushless Shaving Cream Mixes with any 9 ounces reg. 95¢ now 77¢
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Rexall Dentures Self acting dental plate cleaner. Removes discolourations—whitens without brushing. Reg 79¢ now 67¢
Rexall Tooth Brushes 3 new Tufted End or Convex shape Nylon bristles in oval plastic tube. Reg 25¢ each, now 2 for 47¢
8480 Manicure Scissors in three styles—ideal straight or cuticle. Buy all 3 and save. Reg 98¢ each now 77¢
Rexall Shark Nurser Complete baby feeding unit—8 oz. bottle cap and nipple. Designed so that you can prepare feedings in advance and refrigerate until ready to use. Reg 39¢ now 2 for 97¢
Defender Ladies Syringe Red rubber. Regular $1.75 now just $1.57
Defender Fulday Syringe Latex rubber, fold-up fountain syringe 2 quart capacity in carrying case. Reg $3.19 now $2.67
Deb Krinkle Shape Shower Bonnet Effective protects your hair in shower or while applying make-up. Assorted colours. Value 69¢ now 57¢
Ladies Hair Brush and Comb Set Boxed set of comb and hair brush with polythene guard. Assorted colours. Reg 75¢, now 47¢
Rexall Plastic Cloth Bands Metal rim cushion centered plain. Reinforced at the bands and small snaps. Reg 50¢, now 47¢
Super Value Fine Stationery Package. Cellophane package containing 80 lined sheets and envelopes, 40 envelopes, vellum finish. Assorted colours. Ideal for holiday correspondence. Reg 69¢, now 37¢
Floral Semi-Notes. Cellophane wrapped box of 15 sheets and 15 envelopes ribbon tied. 4 assorted designs and colours. Regular 50¢, now only 37¢
Delsey Ripple Papetaire Cellophane wrapped box contains 60 large flat sheets, 7.4" x 10½" and 30 large envelopes, 7½" x 4" Reg $1.50 now 97¢

Suggested spotted retail prices effective from June 24 through June 29, 1957

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1000 ½ gr. tablets reg $1.75 now $1.27
Plastic Shopping Bag Handy carrying bag 13 x 14 x 5¾. Zipper top 2 handles. Assorted plaid designs. Reg $2.50 now $1.97
Multi-Purpose Utility Bag Ideal for beach use, camera equipment. Heavy grain Vinyl in assorted colours. Reg $1.98 now $1.77
Kiddies Sunglasses Girls and boys will like these frames in a range of colours and decors. Reg 69¢ now 47¢
I Z-Cite Children's Sunglasses. Assorted colours. Reg $1.00 now 77¢
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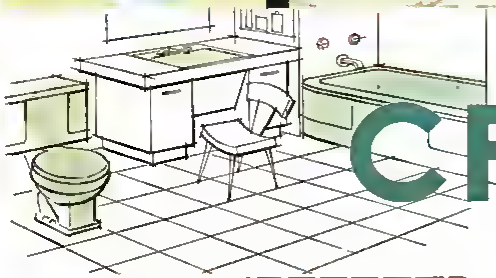




Left Oxford Toilet in Sky Blue

Center Ohio Bath in Pale Jade

Right Westland Wash Basin in Citrus Yellow



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car—and anyway they had plenty of fast friends."

Now Willis took to driving Marion downtown in the morning, home for lunch, back downtown and home after work. One evening, a friend asked Willis why he never did the girl who took in his cash foam fingers a day. "Oh," said Willis, "I just happen to be going where she's going, at the same time." But that week he asked her for the first date—to go riding in the Model T of course. They were married in June 1952 and drove from the church to the reception in the Model T.

Willis and Marion Schneider shared soon after their marriage in a serious program of rehabilitation for the Model T. They put on a new top, upholstered the seats and gave the body a careful refinishing, in traditional Model T black. Bill Masters' first improvement—the electric tail light—was banished. Lover of an authentic oil lamp, Tegchman and separately they plied junkyards for needed spare parts.

"Parts are getting tougher and tougher to get," says Schneider. "Ont. Canada, an accessory company, still sells a few Model T parts, and a United States firm turns some out. But the reason junked Model Ts are hard to find and strip for parts is that the latest vogue for Model Ts in the United States has noticed Americans to

again own to Canada and buy up all of this model they can find. Not many Canadians know that we do a brisk export business to the U.S. in cars—cars thirty to forty years old."

Nowadays, when a man finds himself the owner of an ancient car in good condition he's likely to end up as a member of a club of old-car enthusiasts. Schneider is no exception. In 1952 he joined the Horseless Carriage Club of South-ern Ontario. Now he is the president. And the cast-iron ten dollar pulpy has brought a row of cups and trophies to the Schneider mantel. For this coming summer the Model T is as busy as a society clown with practically every week-end booked up for a parade on a town's anniversary celebration somewhere in Ontario.

I hope she lasts out until Marion can take her over," says Schneider. "Marion is only two years old but she's heard so much about Model Ts—heard me and among our friends that she's a real hot Model T fan already."

Of course Marion has one advantage over grown-ups: she thinks all cars are Model Ts. Driving along the highway the other day she spied through the rear window one of those huge trucks carrying tanks with a load of half a dozen 1957 monstrosities. "Look!" she yelled. "A truck with six Model Ts!" ★

We asked...

"How short
can the work week become?"

They answered...



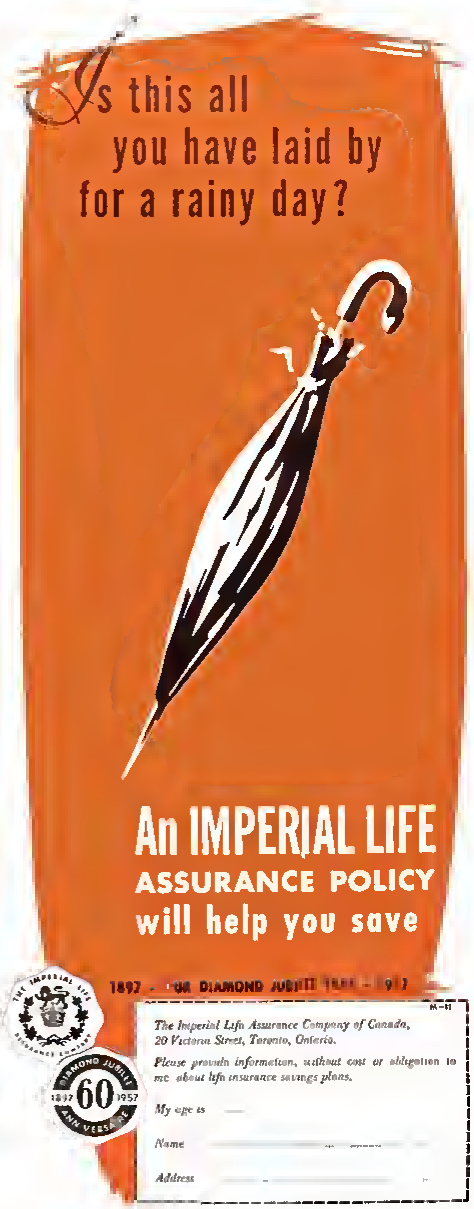
D. W. Ambridge, president of the Abitibi Power & Paper Co. Ltd.—The length of the work week depends primarily on the standards of living that a society requires and upon the productivity of industry and agriculture in that society.

"In Ontario it appears that industry is to be taxed so heavily that it will gradually lose its productivity while the residents of Ontario will still strive for a high standard of living. Under these circumstances it would appear that the only solution lies in a longer work week. It is a sad thing that oppressive taxes will make shorter work weeks impossible."



Dr. Eugene A. Forsey, research director of the Canadian Labor Congress—"I don't know. I doubt if anybody does. I don't think we shall necessarily have to shorten it to cope with technological unemployment. How much and how fast we actually shall shorten it will depend on how much we want extra goods and services and how much we want extra spare time. Even if we decide we want extra spare time more than extra goods and services, we may prefer to take it in the form of a shorter work year rather than a shorter work week, in other words, the same work week and longer vacations."

Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay $5 for each question accepted.



M-41

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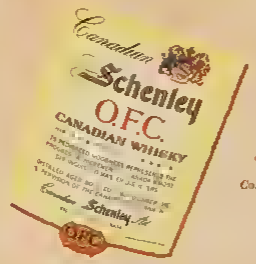
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O F C AGED 8 YEARS | RESERVE AGED 6 YEARS • GOLDEN WEDDING AGED 5 YEARS

"I've sworn off parties" continued from page 27

"I can remember a score of shindigs where I was barred for life before they finally broke up."

beer parlor after the market closes.

An heiress just entering her fourth decade as an ingenue completely charmed a TV producer who had the distressing habit of dipping his cuffs into the punch bowl. A radio writer with the eminence gris of an Anglicized Merton Brando discoursed on Pre-Raphaelite painting of some other indisputable subject. In other words, it was as boring as hell.

Somewhere or another the chatelaine of the establishment had cottoned to the silly idea that in order to give a successful party it was mandatory to invite two of a kind of the various professional subspecies, like Noah inviting the animals into the ark. "To engender dissension," as she archly put it when I sidled into the joint. She may not have been the first hostess to be carried away by this fallacy, but I sincerely hope she was the last. The artistic specimens she had gathered seemed to have been netted rather

One for the book

Geometry I learned at school
Did not provide me with a rule
For dealing with the kind of spouse
I've since run into here and there,
The textbook didn't quite define
A way to spot a phony line
Or help in crafty recognition
Of angles in a proposition
But this I'm stuck with it appears.
I've thought in circles all these years

IRENE WARSAW

than invited. Taking a gloomy view of the crowd was like viewing an impressionist artist's collection of tattoo designs.

It took me some time to discover who was masquerading as exhibit A in the literary division and for a while I was afraid it might be the radio bloke. I wished it had been later on when I was pounced upon by the hostess and dragged across the floor to meet my fellow member of the literary set.

She was none other than Abigail Montrose, who wrote that best seller of 1910 Wild Flowers I Have Known, subtitled About and Afield in Search of Beauty. Not that Abigail had an interesting person, anybody who can parlay a forty-seven year-old book into a literary reputation deserves the Nobel Prize.

After our introduction, Abigail—who didn't know me from Arthur Summers Roach—began a long and involved dissertation on literary trends. I tried to follow her while keeping my weather eye peeled on the rye decanter, the contents of which were falling faster than the northern Saskatchewan water tables in mid-summer.

Poor Abigail had just about reached the era of Sam Slick and Susanna Moodie when I spotted an arty type in corduroys making his fourth trip to the liquor department.

"Could I get you a drink, Miss Montrose?" I enquired in my most gallant postprandial manner.

"Thank you," she gushed. "Just a soupçon of cream sherry, please."

Not knowing cream sherry from cream of wheat I nevertheless took it on the lam to the sideboard and mixed her a drink, guaranteed to dislodge a psychoanalyst from his id. On my return after sneaking a dollop or two myself to guarantee mental nimbleness I pretended to heed a frantic invitation from the next room and bowed myself out of the literary world, so to speak.

For the remainder of the evening I hung on the periphery of discussion groups listening to an advertising account executive arguing with a stock broker about where a panel a painter of girl-with-soon ends, investing in a sports column-ist their golf and kanes were the opiates of the middle class, a symphony-watcher-ita flautist telling a gathering of Junior Board of Trade members that the novel flowered best in a declining civilization and the hostess long past the point of no return as far as her broad A was concerned confessing to a group of semi-career women that she and her husband were really only five blocks removed from skid row, both coming and going.

I finally stumbled into two of the hued caterers who were planning to sneak some potables into the laundry room. After some difficulty I invited myself in to the plot, though as a suspect *agent provocateur*. Somehow or other the host discovered us, and we ended up as a quartet singing the unabridged version of Bless 'Em All accompanied by the outraged cries of the lady of the house.

The last thing I saw before being ordered from the menage was Abigail Montrose demonstrating flower arrangements using a highball glass and a box full of uncut spaghetti. I was taxied home in the caterer's truck.

Among my party garden of memories are some doozers. I remember one party which began with an erudite discussion on the influence of Jean Paul Sartre on modern advertising trends, and ended up with the guest of honor eloping with the hostess on an illegal honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls. A few years ago I spent one of the most enervating evenings of my life crouched on the bare board floor of a Bohemian semi-slum flat listening to long hours of "good music" over a would-be sculptor's short-wave radio set.

One party I attended after the war was, unbeknownst to the guests in advance, as dry as a mummy's bandages—and there was no phone in the house. The conversation came in momentary spurts, separated by reams of embarrassing silence. Among other nerve-racking parties I've attended was one used by the host as hall of fire technique to enlist a captive audience for an unending sermon on the economic theories of Stuart Chase. It shouldn't have happened to a Social Crediter.

I can also remember a score of parties where I was unanimously declared barred for life before they broke up and two or three where I stopped speaking to the hostess before they'd really got under way. One party in a neighborhood that goes out of its way to support







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the stains and the scantily of marriage resulted in two divorces with the host taking on a double role of divorcé and correspondent.

All parties are predicated on the naive supposition that they bring together people of mutual interests for a happy evening of gay badinage and brainstorming discussion. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I have never attended one yet that didn't end up with fifty per cent of the men and a hundred per cent of the women hating each other.

The world-be hostess who thinks that writers enjoy talking shop or that their mating want to talk to each other at all, has been sadly misinformed. And the one who thinks that poets and prose writers have anything more in common than architects and bricklayers should confine her guest list to practitioners of the mental arts. Artists find there's a ward that the sign painters, ceramics makers, linoleum designers and pottery pedal pushers have usurped as their own; just adore meeting each other on somebody else's trip. To bemoan their fates of social exhaustion. I do think indulge themselves by all means, but without an audience made up of the normal brings of the population.

When I used to pick up a weekly salary cheque, I avoided parties given by my fellow writers as I avoided attendance at hangings, and for the same reason. Hosts never seem to learn that to stretch the working day into twelve hours of talking among the same people who live, work each other's nerves to a frazzle, for eight is a retrograde step that should be investigated under the Hours of Work Act.

It goes without saying that a party thrown by an employer for his employees is a form of sado-masochism which harks back to the communal performances of Genghis Khan. If you are a boss, the idea that any employee who secretly abhors you can be won over by being invited to free food and liquor is a noble thought worthy of Donald Duck. And if you are an employee, don't think that your acceptance gives you an edge on those who did not attend. The boss's party is the only authenticated instance in social intercourse that proves the truth of the adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

There is only one kind of assembly more deadly than those already mentioned, and that is the neighborhood party. The alter-ego of one of these sources must be escaped by merely quitting a job; you have to move right out of the district. The neighborhood shindig puts mile against mile and gives their wives enough oral ammunition to ruin them, even until some cocky new wives unto the street. Husbands tend to become either boorish nudes or simpering voyeuristic at these affairs while their wives become a startling combination of Sherlock Holmes, Mata Hari and Emily Post when they're let loose in the vicinity of the next door hi-fi. Almost before the husband has carefully placed his hat in the best crushing position on the master bed, his wife has mentally toted up the price of the broadloom and decided that night mare installments will probably pay for the TV set. One of the great mysteries of life, why women go to the bathroom in pairs, was solved when a friend of mine overheard two of his female guests nonpairing coats on the coat rack in his medicine cabinet.

It is silly to invite husbands and wives to a party together. Right after the host announces that the liquor is gone but there's still plenty of beer, the males gravitate to the kitchen for an unbossed, leisured stag session while the women rip feminine seams and reputations at the and areas at the front of the house.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," he remarks, a wry joke in the morning to the previous evening's host and hostess. Both of them wish they hadn't invested quite so much about their personal affairs, or offered to baby-sit with the brats across the street next Tuesday. The hostess spends the entire morning trying to untangle the nap on the rug to hide the cigarette burns, and the host spends most of it trying to remember where he had an eye-opening drink the evening before. Both vow that in the future they'll abide by the military dictum that it is better to fight on the other guy's territory.

Now in case some of you are of the opinion that my views on parties only reveal a distressing asocial attitude toward my fellow man, let me assure you here and now that you're right. It is an attitude acquired over the years through drinking watered whiskey and spilling pieces of pilfered tongue into my pant cuffs at many a boring affair. My decision to give up parties for good was made initially by me and those poor souls who at one time invited me into their homes. The truth is, I don't belong in mixed company, being a natural born wall-and-teen drinker from away back. It was awfully good of you to invite me to your next affair, but I really can't make it. I have to stay home and put my hair in curlers. ★

My most memorable meal: No. 24



Doug Wilkinson

recalls

A rolled-oats feast in an igloo

I don't suppose I will ever forget my "firsts" to Arctic food—raw seal liver eaten steaming hot from the freshly killed carcass; *muktuk*, the crunchy outer skin of the narwhal; strange concoctions like the dish called *akutuk* cariboo fat and water mixed with small quantities of tinned seal oil stirred with the fingers until soft and mushy, then eaten with a spoon. But my most memorable meal consisted of a very prosaic dish—rolled oats.

My Eskimo guide, Singeetuk, and I were returning to Chesterfield after a dog-sled trip to Baker Lake in mid-winter, 1950. On the trip down we had cached a small supply of food for ourselves and the dogs every second day. Returning along the same route we carried almost no food. We moved from cache to cache, sleeping in the already built snowhouses and eating the cached food.

On the fourth day high winds howled out of the north to the ground drift and gathering darkness there was little chance that we would find our caches, but we searched until midnight, hungry and half frozen in the forty-below blizzard. No luck. We decided to stop, build a snowhouse for the night and search again in the morning.

The only food we had was a seven pound bag of rolled oats. Inside the igloo I started the two Primus stoves while Singeetuk chopped ice into two big pots. An hour later the pots were half full of boiling water and into each went a generous quantity of rolled oats. Singeetuk and I began to eat.

Almost immediately we were enveloped in a thick woolly cloud of steam that boiled up in the cold snowhouse like smoke from a heavy fire. I was so close to Singeetuk that I bumped shoulders with him as I stirred, but I could not see him. I lifted my pot from the stove and the intense heat from the roaring burner partially blessed the air into my field of view flowed a misty picture of Singeetuk crouched over his pot stirring and stirring an aloud of steam swirled about his head, looking like an evil witch doctor mixing up a devil's brew.

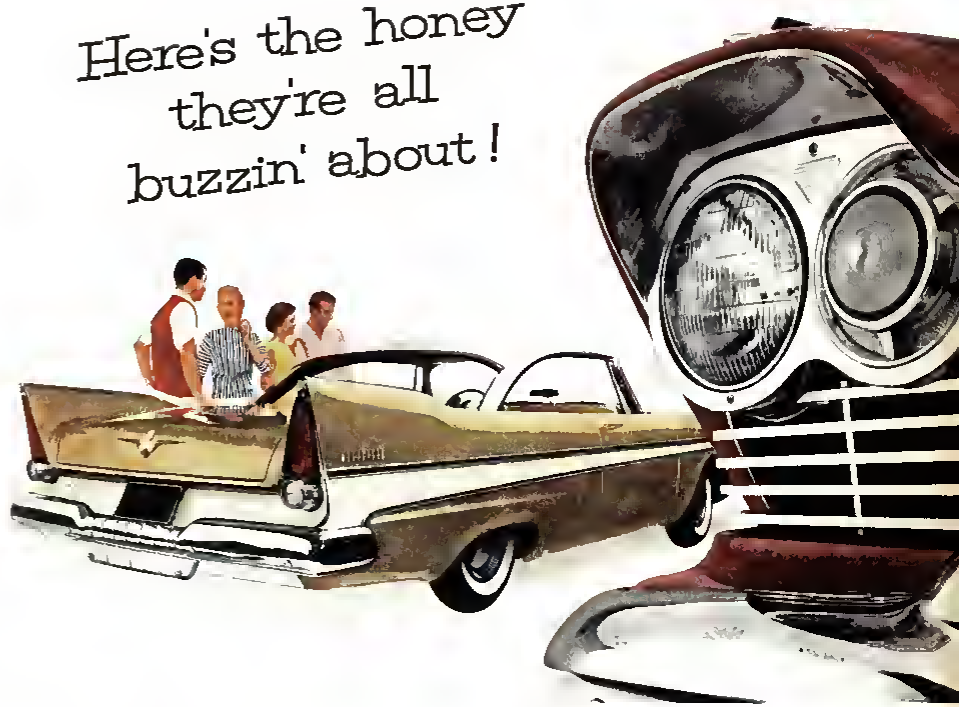
Singeetuk looked up and burst out laughing at the expression on my face. I started to laugh too. Back went the pots and up came the billowing clouds as we stirred and laughed and shouted incantations over the oats.

In ten minutes the cooking was finished. Sitting on the sleeping platform each with a pot between his knees we stuffed behind our throats savoring the delicious warmth that grew deep inside. Appetites satisfied we went outside to feed each tethered dog a generous helping of rolled oats plopped onto the rock hard snow to be gulped down so quickly one wondered where it had gone. Then we moved over to the upturned sled. In three places the heavy runners of frozen seal had been broken off when the sled ran over rocks. Quickly Singeetuk rolled the remainder of the cooked oats into balls which he molded onto the sled filling up the gaps in the damaged runners—as neat a repair job as you would want to see.

Rolled oats! I don't like them; only eat them if there is nothing else around. But in the Arctic I always have room with me. When all else is gone a bag of rolled oats can take you a long way. ★

DOUG WILKINSON IS AN AUTHOR AND AN EXPERT ON ESKIMO LIFE

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John Womble's second dream continued from page 33

"I feel like an emperor," he said. The natives flashed their teeth

the villages around about but we felt that a few intimate friends

The tears came to John Wemblin's eyes He held out his hand to the chief I am honored he said feelingly You and your people have been nothing but kindness to me since my advent among you Why you have even put my shirt in your National Museum!"

The chief grunted as Womblin helped him to rise Tonight said the chief "Prepare yourself

"I will come with capacious appetite!" John exclaimed in an unknown voice and he slapped the chief on the backside

THEY transported John Womblin on a litter to the village square and it took four stalwart men to carry him Musicmen marched before him beating on tom-toms and shouting songs of praise *"Ji-ni! Lyn! Lyn! ya vi!"* the little blink children scampered along beside him and the whole village except the chief and his wives, who remained in state to welcome him stood in two long rows and watched him float solemnly between John Womblin beamed benignly on them first on one side and then on the other and they flashed their white teeth in the smiles of happy subjects.

I feel like a Roman emperor," said John Womblin thrusting his hand through the flower girdle that encircled his ample white waist "Oh like Samson" he added thinking of the chaplet of flowers that delight a head and hare on a ham

The bearers let him down gently and he rolled toward the chief with pendulous dignity They passed libations with the gourd from one to the other while the crowd murmured in suspense at the delay At last the chief said "We have prepared a special seat for you above all the rest Mister Womble Pray be squatted so that we may begin the feast I fear the people grow weary waiting"

John Womble inclined his head in acknowledgement of the deference in the proud politeness of the man who knows his place and that place the highest

"An escort" called the chief Four lusty blacks stepped out smartly clicked their horny heels and took their places one before one behind and one at each side of John Womblin They marched him up to a dais built of faggots.

Womblin hesitated and rolled his smooth pink forehead with a frown. His heart displayed most magnificently energy for a moment his knees thudded treacherously to his nonplussity But he got control of his heart and his knees and managed to turn to the chief with a composed smile.

"I am fully seized of the honor Your Roundness desires to superimpose upon my unworthy shoulders he said in an unmasked bank leaving the master suddenly uncertain My gratitude is measured only by my modesty Too much display of feeling would presuppose a conviction of worthiness which I do not feel As far as the actual feast is concerned" said he "I would not risk it but let me take the place for granted Let me assume your wish to exalt me as exaltation I thank you humbly and humbly I seat myself at your side on the ground"

He sank with much wheezing on the royal mat The escort looked to the chief for guidance

"I know" said the chief "that a gentleman of your proportions would not knowingly offend the host who yearns to do him honor All I need do is hint that too much modesty is an affront and suggest that the escort He beckoned the four blackwards but Womblin waved them away

"I am firm sire" he said "and frail An excess of honor is not good for a man You would not make the man you yearn to honor uncomfortable"

"How can honor make any man uncomfortable?" asked the chief who was after all only a savage

"A swelled head Your Roundness, is no comfortable appendage even if you wear nothing on it but a wreath of buttercups And it would cause me great distress to see my humble self exalted above Your Roundness"

"Oh pray do not let that discommode you" said the chief "I exalt myself in exalting you"

"Let us ascend together then" suggested John Womblin "and both be exalted at once"

The chief ignored the invitation and raised his hand Sound the tom-toms he ordered "It is time the feast began"

"Your Roundness!" John Womble exclaimed blushing at the last slaw "I cannot mount that dais. It is physically impossible"

"Fear not Mister Womble," said the chief "It will beat your weight And an escort will give you a boost. Two more men step out!

Surrounded by an escort of six each one carrying a sharp spear, John Womblin was persuaded that the only prudent course was to comply with the chief's request which he did gaining an inch a inch on it as his rebellious heart and treacherous knees would allow

Although he was grim about the gills he smiled bravely With the aid of broad blank backs and broad blank shoulders and the urge of spear points, he clambered up to the top of the heap of wood and sprained down in front of a sort of flagpole that rose out of the middle of it and was topped by a sprig of mint His heart pounded and tugged at its strings and thumped to leap out of his mouth and his knees vibrated in sync with the tom-toms His smile faded to a vague wakly glimmer as the lithe blacks deftly slipped a vine rope around his wrist and knotted it behind the pole passed another under his armpits and a third around his neck allowing him room to breathe and groaning white-teethed guns at him while they worked

"Why trouble?" he asked huskily "I haven't the strength to jump down and I certainly would never hope to outrun you fellows If I did My luck" He smiled sadly "I was so proud of it

The blacks leaped to the ground with a shout and the chief rose up with the aid of two of his men one at each elbow A deathly silence fell as suddenly as darkness on the shuttering village

O Mister Womblin!" said the chief in solemn resounding tones Long have we waited for this day As the good book says he who laughs last laughs best We shall do you well Or with the least let joy be unconfined!

In spite of his discomfort John Womblin was able to manage a snort. How true!" he said. "You old humbug"

The tom-toms throbbed fit to burst every eardrum and the whole village set up a blood-curdling cry of "Ivi!" The pile of faggots burst into flames in a dozen places. In the midst of the red glare John Womblin crouched in a white huddle raised his head in contemplations imperiously to his fate He could feel the heat mounting around him could hear the crackle of the flames louder than the yells and the throbbing of the tom-toms, could see the black savages with the red fire shining on their glistening bodies as they danced around and around the pyre could see the flames shifting on the chief's black face and throwing it into a hideous leer What an ugly beggar he is" thought John Womblin "with those three teeth out Well he wins."

THEN John Womble woke up He awakened to hear the crackling of wood burning but not to hear the tom-toms The sting of smoke was in his eyes and nose and throat For a moment he was stupefied but he jumped out of bed and ran into the street in his pyjamas He had hardly reached the door when the roof caved in with a crash and a pyrotechnic display of sparks and all the neighbors awakened "Ooooh!"

John Womblin stood staring at the smoking ruins gathering his thoughts together "All a dream then," he said at last taking a deep breath He looked himself over He was not fat, or naked and flower bedecked He was not the guest of honor at the chief's feast There was no chief no African village no tom-toms, no feast no reason for weak knees and turbulent heart that he was barefooted and in his pyjamas, on the street He shivered and blushed and gazed sheepishly around Everyone was standing fascinated by the fire He stole away quietly

"Hang it all" he said when he got to pondering his dream over a cup of coffee at the inn it's a bit disconcerting to be cut off like that I wonder how it would have come out?"

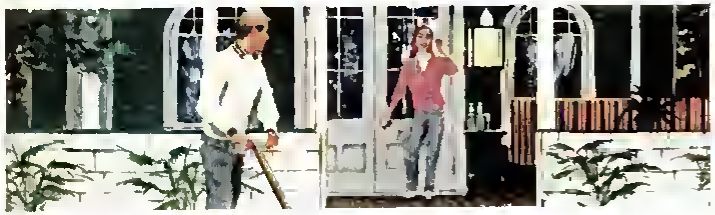
JOHN WOMBLE forgot the dream and the years gathered around him His religious convictions developed into a habit of mind swelled and strengthened until he sailed for Africa as a missionary Perhaps in his subconscious mind he did remember the dream and formulated some idea of civilizing the savages and of taking them out of that sort of thing, so as to prevent the dream from coming true

Consciously however the dream was gone and with it the regret that no one and thought of the other members of his family who were in the house when it burned down

John Womble was shipwrecked on the west coast of Africa and washed ashore in his skivvies An unmodest man of distinctly religious turn of mind he would have been chagrined at this had he been aware but, half drowned he was spared the shame The black natives who came dancing and whooping down to the shore thought nothing of it, but picked him up



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and bore him shoulder high on their shields far inland to the jungles.

John Wamble, as has been related before, recovered his senses in a smelly and dark native hut, perceived his nakedness, afterward adopted it as everyday garb and overcame his bashfulness to the point of forgetting that he was a missionary and becoming a father; grew fat and vain and well content with his lot in among the blacks, and discovered one day that the chief and the people did not envy him his proportions but gazed upon him with other thoughts under their woolly skulls.

The chief waddled over to his hut one morning the gourd was passed and other many flowery sentiments, the ruvi tattoo to the heart was given John Wamble was borne like a Roman emperor to the village square with muricular marching before him, beating on tom-toms and shouting songs of praise "*Iya! Iya! Iya la va!*" All this time John Wamble remembered nothing of the dream although sometimes he would think to himself, "Well, this is familiar. Have I this happened before? But of course it couldn't! How could it? I was never in Africa before."

When he was escorted to the dais and his heart and knees conspired for his undoing, he was sure that all this had happened before, but his pooh-poohed the idea and devoted his brain to finding a way out. The chief was polite but insistent, the blacks were sturdy and their spear points were sharp.

John Wamble found himself squalling on top of the pyre with the flames spurting out in a dozen places below him. The tom-toms throbbed exultantly. The blacks danced dizzily round and round yelling "*Iya! Iya! Iya!*" The red glare fell on their glistening black bodies and on the chief's feet. The tom-toms beat until he thought his ears would burst. Then yells pierced him to the bone. Louder than either was the crackle of the burning wood. The flames fought and climbed higher, higher, higher. The sweat rolled off John Wamble's forehead. His fat as if he were melting in the heat. With mouth and nose he drank in the acrid smoke. His bulging eyes smarted. The red glare dancing with the shadows below threw the chief's blank face into a horrid leer. "What an ugly beggar he is," thought John Wamble, in the midst of his agony, "with those three teeth out. Well, he wins."

But John Wamble did not wake up.

He remembered. "The dream!" He rimmed all his hands and forced his ringing eyes wide open and put his lips and cheek his hand violently. "It's only a dream," he told himself. "I'll be awake in a moment and get out before the roof caves in." But he could not awaken because he was not asleep. He strained and screamed. The flames crackled and fought and climbed. Never any higher. The heat rose. Never any hotter. The chief grinned. The tom-toms beat maddeningly. The wild dancing savages yelled and swirled around and around, around and around, glistening black bodies red in the glare of the fire, around and around, yelling "*Iya! Iya! Iya!*" for ever. ★



"I'm saying farewell to My Fair Lady"

Continued from page 20

"We knew from the first we were dealing with greatness. Even a stagehand wanted to buy in"

was Good Heavens! thirty-two years ago. In all that time I've had some good roles on stages from Melbourne to London's West End with a stopover in South Africa as well. I've been in more than fifty movies, a few of them really fine efforts. Like all actors, I entertained with great discretion the hope of some day having a good part in a play that would make theatrical history. In January 1956 when Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway and I began rehearsing with the rest of the My Fair Lady cast, I knew that this was the part and this was the play. We all knew from the first that we were dealing with greatness. An aged stagehand who had spent his life watching plays saw an early rehearsal and tried to invest his savings in the show. He'd never done such a thing before, but he was too late.

The opening night on Broadway in the elegant Mark Hellinger theatre was sheer exultation for us all. We took twelve curtain calls and the next morning read that we were in the greatest musical of the century. Nine months later I decided I would leave the show at the end of June 1957.

I've been explaining my decision ever since and quite frequently to Canadians, since I served for five years in the Royal Canadian Air Force and my former buddies are a ubiquitous lot. The only vacation I've had from My Fair Lady was a week in Nassau last winter and the first person I met there was a Montreal Canadian who remembered me as an AC2 in the pilfers heat of the prairies. We discussed our mutually low opinions of Montrealers and I will necked corporals for a time but eventually I found myself in the familiar midst of an explanation for leaving My Fair Lady.

It goes like this. I've been in the part long enough, secretly I maintain, as a point of view and for me there is security only in moving about and learning more about my trade as I go. A musical forces actors on an actor who plays in the same part too long. Eight times a week he says the same lines, wears the same expression and repeats the same movements. It becomes tedious, mechanical and lifeless. I love the role of Colonel Pickering but I must protect myself from the dry and certain rot of boredom. Julie Andrews and Stan Holloway get relief with two-week vacations. Harrison is leaving the company himself a few months after I do.

Here is one of theatre's greatest perplexities. An actor begins rehearsing in a new play fervently hoping that he and the play will be a hit. If the critics are kind, the actor jubilantly rushes down to performing his part, getting the most out of each line and adding gestures that seem to enhance the effect. This process takes about three months. When this creative period is passed, the actor grows restless. He begins to feel a sense of rag-

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nation and deterioration. He saves himself by quitting—and then looks for another part in another play, hoping as fervently that the new one will be a hit. And around he goes again.

Like all performers in the plush trap of a long-running hit show, Rex Harrison and I do everything we can within the framework of the lines to keep one another amused and alert. Rex has polished his performance so intimately that he never varies a movement, not even the angle of his clenched shoulders, from performance to performance, but we do alter the intonation of the lines. A good example of what I mean occurs in the opening scene when Rex as Professor Higgins meets me and we discover that we share a preoccupation with phonetics. The exchange goes like this:

Pickering: I came all the way from India to *meet* you!

Higgins: And I was going all the way to India to *meet* you!

It will seem a small matter, probably, but we are diverted if some nights I change the emphasis to say "I came all the way *from* India to meet *you*!" Rex then must shift the emphasis in his line to match mine. Since we play in to one another, dovetailing our moods with a smoothness gained from years of being on the same stage together, we can devise endless variations of intonation to bolster and surprise one another.

We haven't always required artful ar-tic-u-la-tion to maintain the level of performance we both demand of ourselves. Sometimes there are great actors and actresses in the audience people we respect enormously. The whole company gets a lift from their presence and we try to be marvelously good. Grace Kelly and her prince saw the show one evening and created a sensation, I'm told. They were our most electrifying patrons until Ingrid Bergman, in New York for one day last winter, spent three hours of it watching My Fair Lady.

We've had other excitements. One evening last December Rex was singing the closing song, I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face, when the stage manager whispered from the wings that there was urgent danger. "Henry, hurry," he implored, looking frightened. With his unswerving sense of the dramatic, Rex instantly assumed that someone was about to shoot him. He continued to sing, waiting for the bullet. He discovered only when he finished that New York's Mad Bomber had just notified the theatre that a time bomb had been set in the audience. We took no curtain calls that night but the orchestra courageously remained in the pit to play the mystified audience out of the house.

I arrived in my dressing room to find the man who helps me change costumes in a state of great anxiety. "Quick, Mr. Coote," he pleaded, tapering on my street clothes. "Let's get out of here." "You go," I told him. "This is the safest place in New York. The walls are solid concrete." I sat down with considerable aplomb and poured myself a drink. The police eventually discovered the bomb, a dud.

My Fair Lady also has the distinction of having a mixed reaction to its statistics. On the show's first birthday last March, most papers carried the official total number of performances: 416½. The hall performance occurred August 18 and I was among the unfortunate performers of the grisly event. It was an actor's nightmare.

The ruin of Higgins is a severely trying one since it combines both acting and singing and the professor truly leaves the stage. One Friday in August Rex had to give up with a raw throat and a voice that sounded like gravel down a tin spout. Tom Helmore, his understudy, went on in the role.

Helmore's voice was husky that night—he had been rehearsing frantically all day—but we all put this down to justifiable nerves. The Saturday matinee was horrible for him; it was obviously painful to speak at all. That night he gallantly limped up, opened his mouth to say his opening lines and only a croak came out. A wave of dismay swept the audience and the cast. I played up heartily, which probably made the total affect even worse because my voice can shake the rear exit doors. Higgins' opening song was dropped and then his next one. The show was being redirected from the wings as it went along and the audience was restlessly turning pages in the playbills.

Then Julie Andrews, who had just returned to the company after being out with throat trouble of her own, began to have difficulties. She whispered to the wings that she couldn't sing I Could Have Danced All Night. That finished the fiasco. The curtain came down and the audience was offered a refund or seats at a later date. There was a moan. Many of them had paid scalpers prices for their seats, redeemable of course only at face value. I sat in my dressing room afterward and reflected that My Fair Lady, which had offered so many superlative moments, had just provided me with the worst experience of my life.

The next worst came to think of it, also happened to My Fair Lady. Only a few weeks ago, I forgot my lines in the midst of a telephone conversation that provides me with one of my best scenes. I was alone on the stage and the telephone being a prop, naturally was dead so there was no one to help me. My memory had lost the words completely... my mind must have been woolgathering. I stammered a bit and just when it appeared I would have to compose some new material the lines came to me.

For sheer horror, the memory of finding myself on stage alone without the friendly support of my lines compares favorably with an incident that happened at the beginning of my apprenticeship in the theatre. I was a raw young star playing, about sixteen different roles in traveling Shakespearean companies. In Julius Caesar, one of my parts was that of a very old man who carries on about the Ides of March. I wear a cloth over my head with only eyes, nose and cheek bones showing, so I ingeniously applied my greenish makeup only in those areas. As I was making an exit one evening, someone stepped on my now revealing, an apple-cheeked English schoolboy with a green nose. In those days discipline was harsh and explicit. I was fined half a crown by the management.

I had a fabulous training in the theatre along the same route as Ralph Richardson, Larry Olivier and Cedric Hardwicke. My father, Berin Cook, was a famous comedian and my mother a dancer and actress.

My earliest recollection of the theatre is when I was about four. Father would perch me in the shoulder girls' dressing room and they would cluster around me, half nude and exclaiming about the dear little child. I formed a favorable impression of theatre life at an early age.

When I was sixteen and about to go to Zurich University, I wrote my father that I had decided to be an actor. He loaned me a spot with a touring company doing one night stands for six months.

"Speak up, speak up!"

By 1932 I was a confident young actor wearing spats and carrying a silver knob beef cane. Every morning I made the rounds of the agents discovering what auditions were being held. I met with other actors in a pub afterward and we would assume one another that nothing had turned up at all. A few hours later, a little red-faced we would encounter one another again at an audition.

One of these actors, Rex Harrison, and I became such friends that we made a pact one day when we were both auditioning for Mother of Pearl. The play had two comedy parts, one a major one and the other small. We would both try for the better part and whoever failed would accept the other so we'd be together in a show. I got the part and Rex kept the bond and took the smaller role.

Rex was developing his present technique of throwing away his lines with weary nonchalance in a low tone. The technique was magnificent, that is, except he couldn't be heard. The galleries would shout, "Speak up, speak up." We paid to get in too, y'know." Rex ignored them, even when they threw programs. Eventually he polished his style which appears so effortless. His intimately pitched tone can now be heard all over the theatre. I don't know how he does it.

Rex dropped out of Mother of Pearl when the company left for Australia and remained in England to become the star he is now. I spent three years in Australia and while there I made a movie in 1936 with Victor Jory. This led me to Hollywood where I hired a press agent.

Since I was completely unknown, he planted preposterous items in all the columns. "Robert Coote, the celebrated English actor, gave a party last night for an Indian princess," one of them read. There followed a guest list that would have overwhelmed Buckingham Palace. I was living in a single room. He also had me purchasing thousands of hollywood trees. I forgot why and serving tea over roots. When I came to apply for work my name was known everywhere.

My first movie was The Thirteenth Chair and I worked steadily after that. I was in Ramon Navarro's last picture. Son of the Sheik. He was a very exciting man, astonishingly intense. In England in 1937 I made A Yank at Oxford, with Robert Taylor, Vivien Leigh and Lionel Barrymore. I played a silly fool English man which I seemed to do quite often. Then I went back to Hollywood and did Gunga Din. I just saw it recently on television and I was amazed.

In 1937 David Niven and I were living in a beach house at Santa Monica which we called Cuthouse by the Sea. We had a huge sign up and all the trappers in sight-seeing buses used to stop and stare at it. We were having a grand time. In 1940 with Dunkirk our lives abruptly seemed ridiculous. David hurried back to join his reserve regiment and I went to the nearest country at war, Canada, and offered my services.

It was a very selective war then. At Ottawa I found I had a chance of being an ordinary seaman in the navy, a private in a home defense regiment or an artillery gunner second-class in the RCAF. I picked this last because Colin Tapley and Patrick Knowles, both actors and Hollywood friends of mine who had come to join up too, wanted to fly. My income dropped from $750 a week to $130 a day.

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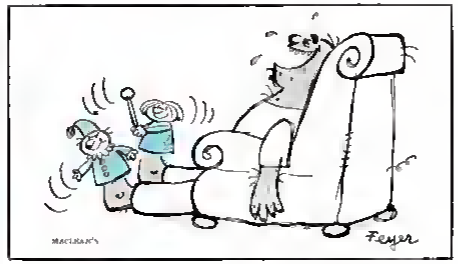
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I was thirty-one too old to be a pilot. I went to Regina with a class of five hundred for initial training as an observer. Topley and I flunked out maths but we were kept on as Link trainer instructors. I remember the commanding officer, a man named J. A. Hutchison who is now a director of National Parks in Ottawa, calling us into his office to announce we were commissioned.

"Have you got your uniforms?" he asked. Topley had one but I didn't.

"You're about my size," Hutchison told me. "My batman will fix you up with one of mine." The batman tore off most of the rings—Hutch was a wing commander then—and the commanding officer escorted me into the mess and bought me my first drink. We've been friends ever since. He comes down to New York with his wife to see all my plays. He's seen My Fair Lady twice.

Hutch was sympathetic to my horror of finding that I was going to spend the war in a Link trainer. I finally got out when reports reached Ottawa that men from the United States were complaining that RCAF recruiting offices were misrepresenting the service. I went to the recruiting office in Vancouver and from there launched myself on a tour of bases speaking to air-crew personnel from the U.S. The job evaporated after Pearl Harbor.

Then I concentrated on complaining at the lack of entertainment at RCAF stations. Ottawa headquarters was interested and in 1942 a new trade was inserted in the air force: Entertainer. I had maintained that entertaining was just as valid a trade as carpentry and should be dignified with trade pay and promotions on the merit system. I am told that the RCAF was the first service in the world to recognize this.

With Norman Gulerist, then head of RCAF bands, I got together a revue called Blackouts. It toured Canada with Wishart Campbell in charge while we stayed in Ottawa and put together another called All Clear. I used the old formula of my father's revues: quick blackouts, no encores. I don't think it had been done in Canada before.

Then I went to England with the revues. Eventually we put together four more: Au Secours, Tremaack, Wilde and Swingtime. After D-day they toured bases on the continent. I was a squadron leader then, suffering violently because of the conflicting ideology of the RCAF and theatre. One day, after receiving a complaint from the brass, I opened up my file drawers and threw every piece of paper all over the office. Her Highness, a famous football referee in Canada, was my boss. He came in and looked at the mess and with infinite understanding said nothing. Shortly afterward I was in hospital, with galloping ulcers.

The war ended and Nivin came to see me. "We're making a new film, Stairway to Heaven," he told me. "Come along." The air force gave me leave and I made the picture. My nerves disappeared.

I was discharged in 1946, starved for a year in Hollywood and finally started to work again with Feuer on Amber. After that I got good parts in more movies like British Express and The Three Musketeers. In 1952 Rex Harrison wrote me to join him in the Broadway production of The Love of Four Colonels. I hadn't been on the stage since 1936, in Australia, and I was a bit rusty but it worked out all right. Afterward I did an Emlyn Williams play, Someone Waiting, in London. The Constant Husband with Rex again, and Dear Charles with Tallulah in New York. Then Rex wrote to me about My Fair Lady.

I met Feuer and Loewe shortly afterward and they asked me to sing. You Did It my only solo in the show. I managed it. I suppose and they hated me. I finished a movie, The Swan, with Alec Guinness and Grace Kelly, just in time to start My Fair Lady rehearsals in January last year. My early experiences in my father's revue were my only real training.

Rex fought for Shaw

We rehearsed with great conviviality. Moss Hart directed and he has a tendency to work late, so we usually finished close to midnight. Julie Andrews took her part rather casually at first until Moss showed her the movie of Pygmalion that Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller had made. Then she realized what an important assignment she had. Throughout the rehearsals Rex acted as the self-appointed protector of George Bernard Shaw. Armed with a Penguin paperback edition of the play, he argued vehemently whenever Mr. Shaw was being treated without sufficient respect. Moss and Alan Lerner eventually persuaded to him the enormous stuffed penguin that now adorns his dressing room.

We were to open in New Haven on February 4, which is my birthday. At noon we were told we wouldn't open because the orchestra was insufficiently rehearsed. I therefore had several Martinis before my lunch, drank wine with my food and was in a rather gay mood by five o'clock, when Hart announced we would do the show after all. I switched to vast amounts of black coffee and was reasonably sensible though still dismayed when the curtain rose.

My Fair Lady ran ninety-six long it was decided. That week in New Haven we ran out a lovely little ballet, a good song of Rex's called Come to the Ball and one of Julie's songs. On the train to Philadelphia, where we played next, we rehearsed a scene Lerner had written the night before. It's the one where Julie

I AIMED HIGH WHEN I RODE AGAINST

Balkan Lancers



1 "Threading a needle blindfolded should be easy for the Yugoslav peasants who compete at Sinj once a year in their sport of Alka," writes Woody Hiltz, an American friend of Canadian Club. "The horsemen gallop down a 300-yard course in 13 seconds and snatch at 8 inch ring hung from a wire. I caught the ring, but I did it at a slow trot.



2 "An Alka champion had shown me how to hold the 12-foot lance. I mounted the little Bosnian horse I'd been given. They're small, but mine looked shabby. I couldn't help mentioning it. 'Naturally,' he smiled, *'it's 240 years old!'*



3 "After congratulating the winner, who won no prize but only honour for his bull's-eye, I got the story on the costumes. They're said to have been worn in battle against the Turks in 1715. Kept in the museum in Sinj, they're taken out every summer for the Alka competition.



4 "I caught up on history later when I met a chap doing 'War' for modernizing Yugoslavia. He said he'd protest it by serving me Canadian Club! Alka celebrates the defeat of invading Turks. People everywhere celebrate with Canadian Club. I find it's famous wherever I travel.

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appears at the top of the stairs in an elegant satin gown one of the finest moments in the show We worked it out while being shaken all over the railway car and put it in the show the next night It takes six minutes to do allmumming a scene that had taken more than twenty

The Broadway opening was in March and after that we set about polishing our parts By the summer Colonel Pinkerling was set in my mind and the excitement was over

Every actor who does stage work has a different kind of routine to prepare himself but I suspect mine is more meticulous than most I'm a bachelor living in a huge square one-room apartment near Central Park that costs me a fraction over $245 a month I get up early morning around ten thirty and cook my own breakfast By noon I'm on my way to Long Island in my little English Ford convertible In good weather or bad I go to Jones Beach a twelve-mile stretch of white sand and walk for hours Usually I'm alone but sometimes Rex comes with me In the spring in autumn we play golf two or three times a week We're both reading Ben Hogan's golf lessons and so far it has resulted in the total elimination of my game

Around four thirty I get back to my apartment and make myself tea I sleep for an hour then nosh my dinner getting to the theatre at 7 30 as regularly as a commuting man The day of a show I neither have a drink nor smoke a cigarette I've done it for years and I don't find it difficult to conform my smoking and drinking to after the show

Rex has a cavalier attitude toward punctuality in the theatre He customarily arrives at the last possible moment, or even later A few weeks ago he hadn't arrived at the Mark Hellinger at 8 29 The dancers and singers were already on stage in their opening grouping The stage manager frantically was calling Edward Mulhare the young Irish actor who replaced Rex for a month in February Mulhare Ilan was busy and the Invasion backstage was acute At that moment Rex entered imperturbably leading his pet Corgi by a leash.

"How do you do," he said calmly, nodding his head regally as he passed through the group around the telephone

"How do you do," said the stage manager weakly hanging up the receiver Rex nonchalantly to his dressing room and was ready five minutes later, makeup, costume and all. It's a nerve-shattering trait of his.

My first entrance is moments after the curtain goes up and after that I'm on stage or feverishly changing in a dressing room in the wings. throughout the first half of the performance Sometimes I have only three minutes to change In the intermission, I drink tea and read my mail Much of it is from Canadians who start off by reminding me that they served in the RCAF shoulder to shoulder with me and end up by asking for tickets I now conclude that the entire population of Canada served shoulder to shoulder with me but I can't help any of them with tickets I just don't get any The best demonstration of the desperate difficulty of getting My Fair Lady tickets occurred when Edward Mulhare who was to play the lead a week later first saw My Fair Lady He had to stand up at the back of the theatre

We take our curtain call around eleven-thirty and then I allow myself my first drink and cigarette of the day I go to Michael's Pub, a bar on East 48th Street where English actors are apt to congregate or to Sardi's little bar and talk shop with my friends With those friends who are in theatre there is never any surprise that an actor would leave My Fair Lady Occasionally I meet someone outside the business and I find myself sounding a bit like a gramophone with a stuck needle

The main reason for leaving is the one I have mentioned that an actor is in real danger of destroying his ability if he stays too long in one role but there is a secondary reason which I find has reader acceptance The income tax people regard no actor in a long running play as employable as they do any citizen in a sedentary occupation They allow nothing for clothes or advertising or entertainment a certain amount of which must be nonbusiness As soon as an actor becomes less steadily employed making a movie over a twelve week period for example he is able to better a bit I find, with my handsome My Fair Lady salary that I can just keep even I'm going to have to leave the company and speculate in movies and television in order to ease my tax burden and save some money

I've inclinded that I'm saying farewell to the distinguished Fair Lady but it is really only about to about a year when the English production opens in London I hope to be playing Pickering again. What a movie is made of this production if an unspecified date and with a price tag, on the rights said to exceed two million dollars I'd like to be there too And Columbia Broadcasting System banked the play in order to obtain first rights for television That would also be wonderful to do

Come to think of it, it isn't farewell at all It's au revoir My Fair Lady Don't think me finkle. I really love you with all my heart. ★



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THE BANK THAT LOOKS AHEAD

Will we ever control the bloodthirsty black fly? continued from page 31

One dedicated scientist sat on a rock and let swarms of flies bite his bare stomach

strike it down where and when it was weakest

A team of entomologists made thousands of black flies radioactive and then pursued them with Geiger counters trying to determine their range One scientist Dr. Douglas Davies now teaching at McMaster University sat on a rock in Algonquin Park with a square inch of his stomach exposed and let a swarm of black flies bite him He found out how many landed in a minute and how many bit under a wide range of conditions even checking on which odors attracted and repelled the insects His work confirmed a bush belief that dark clothing attracts black flies He also found that lighter colored clothing tends to repel them

Scientists working on control agreed that the best protective uniform was loose fitting light-colored clothing tied tightly at the neck, waist wrists and ankles, with a hat with repellent-soaked strings hanging from it Repellents, long scorned by bush workers, were improved during the northern black fly battle One new repellent to be put on the market soon is reported to maintain its effectiveness in clothes for more than a year despite washings

Curiously although there are dozens of repellents on the market few of them have common chemical ingredients Nobody knows why they repel black flies except that the insect doesn't seem to like the smell of them

"Once we have more specific knowledge about the odors the black fly likes and dislikes" says Dr. A. S. West a black fly expert at Queen's University "we'll be able to develop much more effective repellents"

Biters loggers leap for lakes

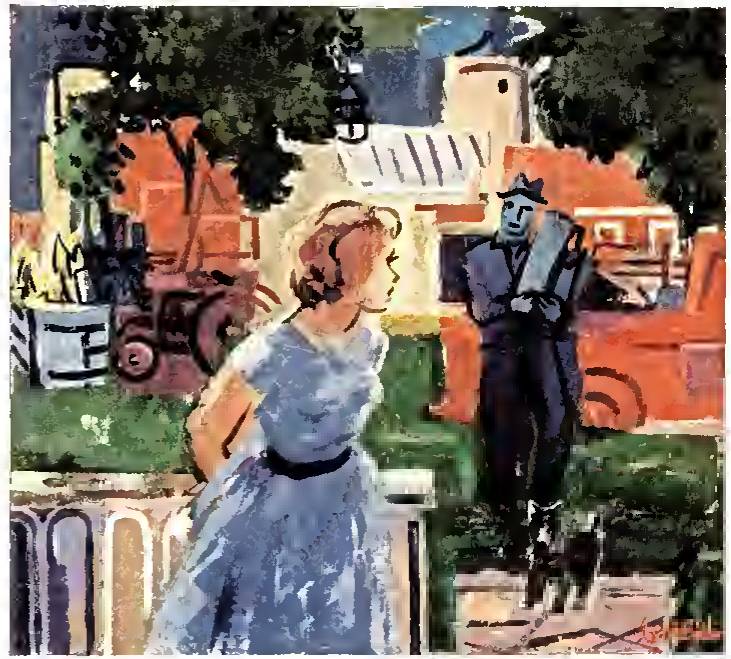
The same trial and error approach that is being used in the search for repellents sets a limit on the pace of progress in control measures Once it became generally known that DDT was sudden death to black fly larvae authorization lanterns and country property owners—seizing their first chance to be rid of the accursed fly—often overdosed streams and rivers with DDT

One man who owned a stream in northern Ontario was told by D. G. Peterson a leading Department of Agriculture entomologist that he would need two tablespoons of DDT to clear out the black fly larvae in the two-foot wide trickle "We discovered later" says Peterson "that he dumped forty five gallons of DDT into the stream" The poison killed every living thing for miles downstream

By 1952 the black fly fighters could control the pest in limited areas usually because the range of the insect is short —about five miles But more widespread control seemed to be too expensive and difficult to be practical At that stage the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association entered the fight Localized control wasn't good enough for the pulp and paper operators Foraging parties of woodsmen might range for miles through the bush On those forays the men were being bitten so badly that some jumped into streams and lakes to escape Hundreds of men were refusing to go into the bush at all during the fly season

In 1954 two DOT spraying airplanes ranged across a twenty six thousand-square mile of timber land located at Blue Coment on Quebec's north shore one of the pulp and paper industry's worst black fly areas When the last of the reports from the Department of Agriculture and pulp and paper entomologists was in it seemed that at last the harried workers in the basin could take a deep breath without inhaling black flies

Billions of adult flies and larvae died in the attack and although other black flies immigrated into the area later there was no qualitative peace at Blue Coment for weeks That's where black fly control stands today "More widespread



"Dad, did you pick up my dress?"

That young voice hits Dad where it hurts. He was so sure he'd remembered everything. And here is Amelia, with a heavy date, demanding her dress which he forgot to pick up at the cleaners Why, grumbles Dad, don't women do their *own* shopping?

The answer is that farm women usually *do* In fact, their shopping in person and by mail, adds up to a lot of money How much? Well, last year, farm families put about 2½ billion dollars into circulation That's over twice the amount spent for all the new housing in Canada. About 2,000 million dollars went for household requirements—the things *you* buy regularly And the rest of the money was spent for equipment, wages feed seed fertilizers —everything that farmers need to produce food in abundance

All this farm spending for consumer goods and services helps to keep a great many Canadians employed in a wide variety of businesses and is a powerful stimulant to progress and prosperity This is made possible by good farm management, efficient practices which include the use of modern farm machinery

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control to give relief to holidaymakers right across Canada" says Dr West, "may never become a fact.

Scientists studying the blank fly have spent month upon month analyzing the effects of the insect's bite but they admit they still don't know too much about it. Black fly bites hurt some people intensely but they hardly affect others. Some people achieve immunity against the bites—this is specially true of Indians—but others remain perpetually sensitive.

Dr. Douglas Davies of McMaster University has noticed that late-season bites are often worse than early season bites. He has watched black flies feeding on his hand under a microscope and he's seen them pumping with their bodies as they drank as though pushing saliva into the incision. He has noticed that a kind of salivary sac near the stomach has apparently been pumped empty as the stomach filled with blood. Dr. Davies theorizes that perhaps the sac contains no anesthetic coagulent which is full and effective at the beginning of the season but becomes exhausted after many bitings.

When people are first bitten they may have little reaction. But these first bites seem to sensitize their victims. Later bites cause slight swelling, reddening and itching, and in some more sensitive instances swollen glands, fever and even sepsis.

D. G. Peterson of the Department of Agriculture says that once a person has been sensitized a delayed reaction may occur. The formation of an itching weeping papule that irritates for a week and perhaps as long as a month. Bites also infect the lymph glands and cause "black fly stiff neck."

In fighting to control the black fly scientists found that the physiological effects of bites may be serious and if there are enough of them they can kill a man. But it is the psychological effects of black fly bites that do the most damage. There is no immunity against this. Dr. Bryan Hocking, of the University of Alberta, has reported that repeated bites, along with the noise of the pests and the sensation of flies hitting the skin in thousands, soon produces an illness that the insects are biting even when the last of them is gone.

He says that under intense attack many men become "ineffective" from mental stress far sooner than from physical illness. "The rapidity with which a susceptible person can become worked up into an emotional state bordering on dementia [illegible] han to be seen to be believed," says Hocking.

Looking for an opening

A famous woods-survey newsman of Toronto, Ken Wells, says he doesn't know of anything more morale-shattering than feeling thousands of black flies hitting your hands and face and burning them pulsating against your clothing. "You watch your friends at work slapping hands," he says, "and you see millions of black flies settling down their clothing, hunting desperately for an opening. It's no wonder that some men want to run away."

One of the most unpleasant effects of black fly bites is the scrapping of blood from the bite. This is caused by the black fly's technique of cutting a hole in you, rather than inserting a tube and drinking like most insects. Children of tender age by flies frequently present a frightening appearance, the backs of their hands ranged with a line of clotted blood. Black flies bite children along the hairline, presumably because that's the first dark spot they find after they land.

A well known Toronto angler, Dr. Arthur James, recalls canoeing for the first time in northern Ontario before World War I and suddenly seeing the back of his brethren head streaming with blood. "I found it hard to believe that a few buzzing gnats could have done that," he says. He knows better today. Last summer he ran into a swarm of black flies so thick he couldn't breathe. He had to flee from his fishing ground.

Human beings have been able to escape the black fly by enduring the main physical discomfort of heavy enveloping clothing and by smearing repellents and spraying DDT. But cattle were never so lucky. Before the northern control campaign against black flies started in 1947 one of the worst black fly areas in Canada was along the banks of the North and South Saskatchewan rivers. In spring and summer black flies spot-radically burst from these rivers in fantastic numbers and mercilessly harried cattle on many farms. Six hundred cattle died in 1940, the worst year; thousands had died there in black fly attacks in the past 50 years or so.

Nobody knows precisely why so many black flies infested that particular region, although both rivers have many fast-flowing shallow stretches — ideal black fly breeding grounds. Until more modern methods of control came into use, farmers set smudge fires to give off choking smoke and built dark shelters of brush and branches into which cattle could retreat. The smudge fires were sometimes effective but too often dead cattle were found lying in the hot embers of the fires after frantic efforts to escape the biting demons all around them.

In Africa a bit too blind

How the black fly kills cattle is a mystery. Some entomologists say it is death by shock caused by millions of tiny punctures. Others believe the poison in the bite causes a breakdown in the lymph glands. It is known that animals can suffocate through sinking thousands of the insects into their lungs during bad attacks.

But Saskatchewan's problem, which the Department of Agriculture is solving today by dumping drums of DDT off a cockpit of bridges crossing the two rivers, was never as bad as Europe's. In 1934 eleven thousand cattle died in Yugoslavia in black fly attacks and Rumania suffered the worst black fly plague of all time in 1923 when sixteen thousand domestic animals died as plonds of flies rose from the Danube River.

Canadians are lucky, too, in that local varieties of black fly don't carry diseases harmful to man. On the Gold Coast of Africa one part of the state of Ghana called "the country of the blind" fifty thousand natives are sightless from a disease—onchocerciasis—caused by a species of black fly almost identical in appearance and habits to the Canadian breed. Thousands of natives suffer from the same disease in Central America.

Another black fly disease, miss-nailed hides in some parts of the world but fortunately misses Canada. However, Canadian entomologists are uncovering evidence that may prove much of the damage done by the black fly is hidden lost beneath the surface of the struggle for survival in the insect world.

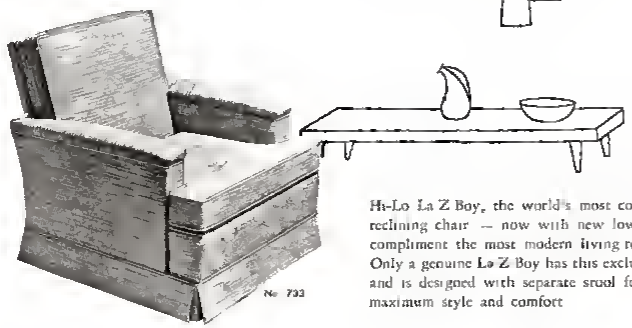
Dr. A. M. Fallis of the Ontario Research Foundation has said that black flies have killed domestic ducks by infecting them with a malaria-like blood disease but little is known about their effect on wild-duck population. In the U.S., turkeys and other fowl have died from this disease, and Canadian grouse go through peculiar slumps and surges of population which may be caused by the same disease.

In fact some entomologists believe that black flies may have an important effect on many species of wild birds. Complete elimination of the black fly, often if it were possible, might be undesirable. It is possible that the destruction of such a numerous insect could disturb one of the balances of nature.

At any rate the control victories against the black fly in Canada although spectacular are still limited. Complete control is still a dream for a holiday-maker with a hundred of the insects crawling down the back of his neck. Dr. Bryan Hocking of Alberta once said that the best possible measure for the average person to adopt against the black fly was the cultivation of an attitude of patient tolerance."

He added: "It is certain that despite applause and DDT and anything that those may immediately foreshadow the biting fly will be a feature of life in the north for many years to come." ★

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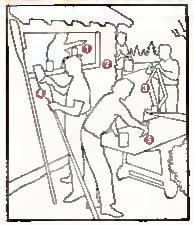
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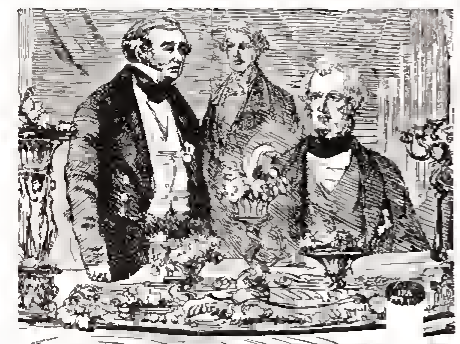
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Fanshawe. Far otherwise, Ponsonby. It is my contention that regular imbibing of India Pale Ale disinfects like a mendicant friar a milk-sop. Consequently I comfort myself with a glass when ever I feel the need.

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What's so funny about gout?

Continued from page 23

"Cures" have involved herses, ankle charms, oak trees, puppies, nettles and a turnip poultice

ol crocus as a drug was familiar to the early Egyptians. It is in the writings of Hippocrates (the father of Greek medicine 460-370 B.C.) that gout itself is first well defined. But no figure can be found of the use of the hermodactyl or colchicum by Hippocrates in treating it. Instead he advocated leaving fire or the affected joint. This painful strategy seems to have remained in vogue for many centuries and is still being used in some Eastern countries.

Their use as far as can be ascertained, no mention of the hermodactyl or colchicum in Greek or Roman medicine until the first century. Then Dioscorides a surgeon in Nero's army listed it in his Materia Medica, a collection of all the known herbs used up to that time in the treatment of disease. And not for another hundred years or so was it specifically recommended for the treatment of gout. The first reference to this is in an account by Alexander of Tralles, a much travelled physician who settled in Rome in the sixth century. For immediate relief from the pain of gout he recommended purging with the hermodactyl. However in accordance with the custom of his day he advocated a ridiculous folk charm as well which was to be worn in the ankles and is, no doubt, the precursor of the gold and copper chains and bracelets worn today by superstitious victims of joint maladies.

Unfortunately for mankind the hermodactyl or colchicum as advocated by Alexander had violent—and often fatal—purging effects when taken in uncontrolled amounts. So serious was this complication that before long a less effective purge was substituted and the true value of the colchicum went unrecognized by all but a few hardy souls.

In England during the Middle Ages gout seems to have been a fairly common complaint if one can judge by the number of folk cures recommended for its relief. A curious belief in the transfer of gout to another animal or object is to be found in the literature of this period. Sir James Frazer in The Golden Bough noted the following treatment:

"Gout may be transferred from a man to a tree thus: Pare the nails of the sufferer's fingers and clip some hairs from his legs. Bore a hole in an oak. Stuff the nails and hair in the hole and stop up the hole again and smear it with cow's dung. If for three months after wards the patient is free of gout, then the oak has it in his stead."

The following treatment was also recommended: "The gout is strangely eased if prepares he with the person who has the gout for they contract the disease so as not to be able to run but the patient hereby finds ease."

There are numerous examples of cures by light. "A party man with hands and feet covered with a poultice of turnips, flour and milk was left in his chair in a low room while the servants were out. A sow finding the doors open and attracted by the smell of the poultice came to devour it, whereupon the man was privileged with a light that his pains decreased that very day and continued lessening by degrees and never returned." Today one can almost picture the excess flow of hormones from his adrenal glands stimulated by such excitement.

The beneficial effects of many plants have been known since the earliest history of man. The hermodactyl and colchicum were both listed in the early English herbals as being effective in gout but many other plants such as lily of the valley, hellebore, nettle, pennyroyal and rhubarb were also recommended. However the quack physician and astrologer Nicholas Culpepper (1616-1654) made the mistake of suggesting that the hermodactyl (colchicum) was the same plant as the saffron crocus (crocus sativus) which it resembles in many ways but does not effectively relieve gout. This mistake was no doubt responsible for much of the delay in the recognition of the real value of colchicum.

The great seventeenth century scholar and physician Thomas Sydenham was in his own dry called the English Hippocrates. Sydenham wrote a classical treatise on gout in 1683. His detailed description of the gouty attack has never been surpassed, perhaps largely because of his own sufferings from it. He compared the excruciating pain of gout to "a pack of dogs gnawing at his great toe." In the Preface to this work he remarks that having suffered from the gout for thirty-four years his observations on its cure would not bear much weight.

For some reason Sydenham was strongly opposed to purging as a medical practice and never could be dissuaded from the opportunity of experimenting with colchicum. Instead like Hippocrates before him he recommended a little of frequent exercise. Even relief from exhaustion advocated horseback riding, the recurrent jogging seemed to have a soothing effect in his own case. As a result of his influence, horseback riding became the popular treatment for gout and all over England for the next couple of hundred years gouty gentlemen were jogging along on horseback or riding in coaches hoping to shake the gout out of their systems.

Why more rich than poor?

The proper recognition of the value of colchicum did not take place until the latter part of the eighteenth century and seems to have come about through a popular patent medicine. Nicholas Husson a French army officer and not a physician concocted a panacea he called Eau Medicinal. His remedy had a great vogue in Europe and for many years its secret ingredients were the subject of much speculation. It was introduced into England in 1808 and after considerable investigation three the main ingredient was found to be an infusion of colchicum corm. This discovery drew the attention of the medical profession to this much neglected plant and further studies were made. Once again on the right track, recognition was soon given the maligned Colchicum autumnale. In 1831 Sir Henry Halford the President of the Royal College of Physicians officially endorsed its use in the treatment of gout.

Overdosing, mistaken identity appeal to purging, and human gullibility had combined to hold back the secret of the Colchicum autumnale. Its use for the relief of gout had been a thousand years in gaining proper recognition but once established it was here to stay. Today a synthetic crystalline form of the active ingredient of this same plant is used to bring speedy relief.

Over the ages, those afflicted with gout found some consolation in the fact that it seemed to attack an unusual number of persons of high intellectual ability. From the days of Hippocrates on the relationship of gout to men of stations lofty has been observed. The great Dr. Sydenham noted that Kings, Generals, Admirals, Philosophers and several other great men have thus lived and died and that the gout destroys more rich men than poor persons and more wise men than fools."

Certainly Milton the poet seems to have had more than his share of gouty infirmities as well as intellect. The following description is from Dr. Samuel Johnson's essay.

Dr. Wright on a visit found him in a small house he thinks but one room. He was sitting in an elbow chair, black clothes and neat enough, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk stones. Among other discourses he expressed himself to this purpose that was he free from the pain of gout his gladness would be intolerable.

In 1927 Hesslock Ellis made a sweeping study of British genius. In this he remarked:

"There is a pathological condition which occurs in men of such pre-eminent intellectual ability that it is impossible not to regard it as having a real association with such ability. I refer to gout.

"Moreover the eminence of these gouty subjects is as notable as their number. They include Milton, Harvey, Sydenham, Newton, Gibbon, Fielding, Burke, Johnson, Cowper, the Pitts, Wesley, Lardner, Hamilton and Charles Darwin, while the Brontes were a gouty family. It would probably be impossible to match the group of gouty men of genius for varied and pre-eminent intellectual ability by any combination of non-gouty individuals on our list. It may be added that these gouty men of genius have frequently been eccentric, often irascible, choleric, and occasionally irsane."

Many more names might be added to the above list particularly from eighteenth-century England. A charge in the drinking habits of the English population at that time probably accounted for the unusually large number of gouty victims in that century. Until then light French wines and home brewed ale were consumed in huge quantities by men, women and children for water was regarded with suspicion as a post thu that. In 1703 the Treaty of Methuen came into effect dis-





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eliminating for political reasons against finde with France in favor of closer ties with Portugal The import of French wines into England was drastically reduced and their place was taken by similar ones from Portugal Shortly after this however a change was made in the Portuguese wines to improve their keeping quality for shipment to England Brandy was added to the fresh light wine This resulting heavily fortified mixture met with the approval of the new customers and in time became known as port

Before long this heavy new wine became one of the predominant features of life in the British upper classes and it would seem that as well as crippling French trade the Treaty of Methuen unwittingly crippled a very large number of distinguished Englishmen with gout

Shortly after the eighteenth century opened gouty Queen Anne came to the throne Also early in this century the well known restoration dramatist and master of artificial comedies William Congreve suffered from gout

In 1726 Lord Chesterfield took his seat in the House of Lords which he playfully called "the hospital for incurables" no doubt because of the many gouty gentlemen like himself who were in attendance

The great Dr Samuel Johnson who recorded the doings of so many of the eminent men of his day was also a victim of gout It is interesting to find that he occasionally drank three bottles of port at a sitting but more commonly only one

Thomas Gray the poet best known for his Elegy in a Country Churchyard had inherited a gouty tendency from his father, and his friend Horace Walpole suffered severely from the same complaint Walpole bore his agonies of gout without a word of complaint and for some strange reason made it a matter of principle never to wear an overcoat or change his wet shoes during an attack of gout

And now to turn to that important figure whose gout had a tremendous effect on British history — William Pitt, Earl of Chatham

Pitt was a manic depressive and because of his gout this personality weakness was euphemistically called "gout in the head" In his early political life, hated by the King and with many enemies he was constantly outmaneuvred On one significant occasion advantage was taken of his absence from the House of Commons due to illness to begin negotiations for peace with France Pitt had himself carried to the House and his entrance is described as one of the most dramatic in British history

His legs were swathed in rolls of flannel and the vast boot on his gouty foot was much in evidence Standing was so painful to him that the House granted him the indulgence of sitting through part of his three-and-a half hour speech At times the pain he was suffering muddled his thoughts But again and again the fire and passion flashed forth ringing with his conviction that the struggle between France and Britain was a mortal combat in which no compromise could succeed

His brilliant oratory was ineffective and in 1763 the Peace of Paris was signed

There was a feeling that the American colonies should be taxed to help pay for a war which had been fought for a large extent in their interests Pitt who strongly disapproved of such a step was totally incapacitated at this time with flying gout In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed with scarcely a voice raised against it. However by 1766 Pitt was well enough to take a stand on behalf of the American colonies

For the next month Pitt fought American cause and the Act was repealed Once again he became the popular idol of the people and in 1766 he became Prime Minister But he collapsed under the strain of feverish work and recovered after two years to find that a Colonial



Cardinal Wolsey, one of the great gouty clerics loved port.

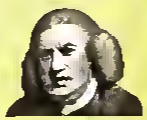
These great Britons had the gout in common



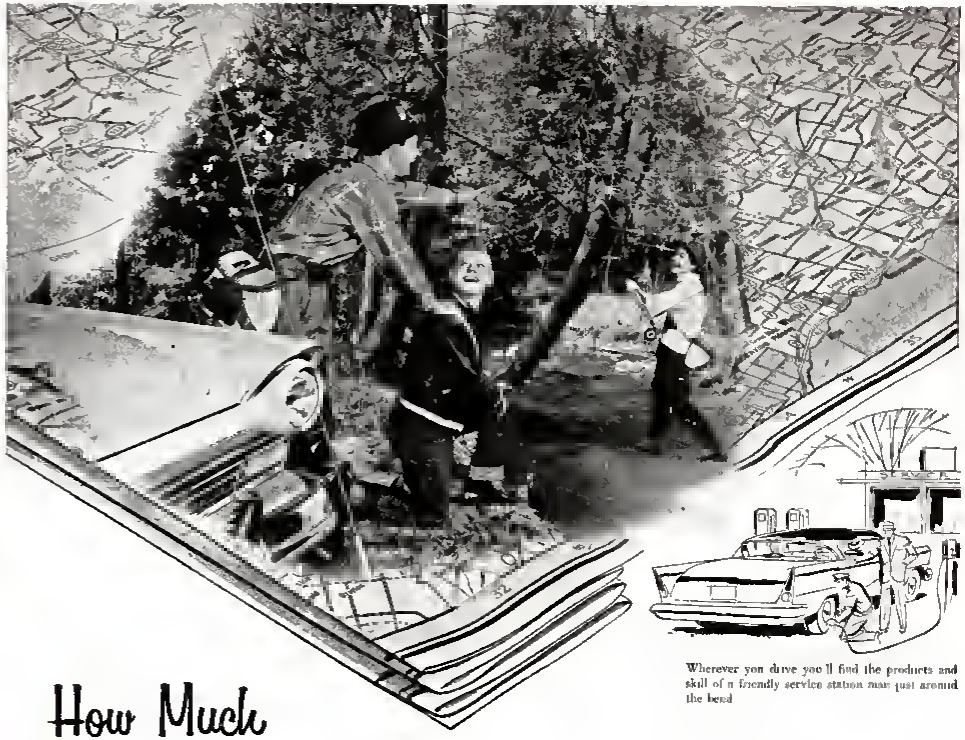
John Milton, he said he preferred blindness



William Pitt, it led to his death.



Sam Johnson, did it cause his bitter wit?



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only had been placed on tea and other commodities.

Resentment and rebellion in America were the inevitable result. The year 1773 witnessed the famous Boston Tea Party. Pitt was improving and in 1774 he felt well enough to intervene on behalf of America but he was only a voice crying in the wilderness.

However another great party character, Benjamin Franklin, arrived on the scene and Pitt and Franklin spent hours together attempting to find some method by which the two nations might be reconciled. It would be interesting to reconstruct this scene. Pitt and Franklin both victims of gout seeking a way to save America and undoubtedly at times exchanging views on the treatment of their mutual enemy the gout.

Following this consultation Pitt introduced a Bill which both Franklin and Jefferson thought might have been a satisfactory compromise but it was rejected.

Once more Pitt collapsed in 1777 he revived to find war between America and Britain.

In the next year it was obvious that he was a dying man but in April when he heard that the Duke of Richmond proposed to press a motion for granting American independence he resolved to make one more effort. He was again helped into the House but when the time came for him to reply he fell back stricken and died shortly after.

A pathetic postscript is found in a diary of this period. The entry reads, "Mr. Pitt is no more. He died yesterday at four o'clock. . . . It seems that his stomach was quite destroyed from the great application to business and the large quantity of cordials he had taken to keep off the gout."

It would seem a misfortune for England that the true value of colchicum was not more widely recognized at this time and it is amusing to guess whether or not the use of colchicum for Pitt's gout might have prevented the Boston Tea Party and the Battle of Bunker Hill. Certainly the effect of disease on events of historic significance is an interesting field for speculation.

It was the Bishop Monk of Gloucester who said that Sydney Smith was given his appointment as a Resident Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral for being a scoffing and a jester. "How this great clergyman maintained his wit in the face of intolerable gout is difficult to imagine. It was Sydney Smith who divided humanity into three sexes: men, women and clergymen, and it was he who said of a stupid magistrate, "he deserves to be preached to death by wild curates."

In a letter to Lady Carlisle on September 5, 1840, Smith wrote: "What a very singular disease gout is, it seems as if the stomach fell down into the foot. The smallest deviation from the right diet is immediately punished by limping and lameness and the innocent ankle and blameless instep are tortured for the vices of the noble organs. A plum, a glass of champagne, excess in joy, excess in grief, any human, however small, is sufficient for redness, swelling and large shoes. Gout is the only remedy that I do not wish to have at my feet."

Many more distinguished names might be added to the list of victims. With our present knowledge of the treatment and control of gout, it is sad to look back on the martyrdom of so many creative and eminent persons. But perhaps without the inflictions of gout we might have been deprived of Paradise Lost, Elegy in a Country Churchyard, or even the Franklin Stove. ★

JASPER by Simpkins



"He did mention some silly thing about going horseback riding, why?"

What Shakespeare's doing to Stratford continued from page 29

To see the festival a salesman bicycled from Montreal and six nuns rode an orchid limousine

all ten provinces, from thirty-two of the forty-eight states, from the Yukon, Alberta, Bermuda, Panama, the West Indies, Peru, Venezuela, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Indonesia, Malta, Korea, Israel, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and France. A drug salesman, Maurice Boivin, bicycled from Montreal. One dutiful Stratford citizen was almost run down by an orchid-colored Cadillac from Pennsylvania occupied by six nuns in orchid-and-mauve-colored habits.

Visitors' postcards swamp the post office now marching mail with a special festival stamp. Their sight-seeing jaunts between the plays keep taxi drivers busy. They line up for tickets in front of the festival office, once a knitting mill, where knees are now wrinkled by such requests as that of the Texan from Houston who said he was sending his mother up in his private plane and wanted a suite and a limousine at her disposal for six weeks.

"You see people come running up the hill just before the rocket that signals the play's start, go off," says Fire Chief L. N. Hamman. "If it didn't go off till 10:30 some of them would still be late. It's not like a show you know. If you're not on time you don't get in. One chap was shut out and when I was to come down with the nuns. He said his wife and child were in there and he wanted the door smashed down."

Summer holidays are now past for many Stratfordites. Policeman wrestle with traffic. CNR train news pin up everyone. At the local radio station last year producer Alex Smith had Anthony Nicholas Mensaras and New York actor Brooks Atkinson waiting in the announcer booth while he interviewed Davidson Dunton, chairman of the CBC. Dave Turnbull, manager of the CNR telegraph office, taps late into the night to dispatch the critics' words. Twenty-five hundred on an average night, on opening night, thirty-five thousand.

The women of Knox Presbyterian Church now spend summer days in hot-oven cooking and cleaning up in the basement of the church where they serve an excellent dollar lunch and a $1.50 dinner. This venture has given their Sunday school a fifteen-thousand-dollar face lifting, but it runs the women ragged. The women of Parkview United tackle one meal a week, when the Toronto Telegram runs its special train from Toronto (fare $8.90, all expenses paid) with a full rose for the women and a Telly thrown in.

At the Golden Bamboo, a one-time Hamilton grocer, Larry Lee serves so many celebrities that he says it's "just like Waldorf. Make me feel very, very happy." But the Golden Bamboo is not quite like the Waldorf and Stratford's restaurant service and food are only fair to poor by big-city standards. This aspect of Stratford has hasn't changed. There isn't enough off-season trade to keep first-class help all winter.

Before driving into the changes wrought by the festival, I should try to settle one question: is the festival really Stratford, are most residents behind it or is it supported entirely by a dedicated few?

Some people, of course, are indifferent, others apprehending. One woman whose mother was visiting, but from England was asked if the old lady had come to see the festival. "Oh no dearie," she said. "She saw all those plays in England when she was a little girl."

In the festival's first season when Alec Guinness was playing Richard III, the local newspaper, the Beacon-Herald, had sounded an anti-festival note. An editorial writer had thought it in very poor taste that in a coronation year the festival should put on a play showing the British monarchy in a bad light. But by the second season, the paper had turned header and one farmer stopped his subscription because of the "Shakespeare propaganda."

I talked to people who grumbled about the summer traffic jams, who objected to visitors wandering around in shorts, who



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didn't like their peace disturbed by "wild parties"—their term for the after play gatherings where actors unwind with a few drinks. But they nevertheless thought the festival "a good thing."

The only real complaint I came across was from some of those residents who had rented their homes for a season to actors. One family returned from vacation last year to find their furniture scarred, their walls grease spotted, their chinaware cracked. One actor left what seemed like a season's dishes in the sink and a stack of liquor bottles behind the refrigerator. An actress and her husband chopped down a tree they didn't like. ("What a nerve!" said the owner.) And one of last year's stars telephoned every night to his unwary fiancee than overlooked his telephone bill when he left. "Never again!" I was told by a disillusioned renter. Not for any amount of money. They're real gypsies." One notable exception was James Mason, who left Sam Douglas' home "just shining."

I checked to see how Stratford backs the festival at the box office. The records show that Toronto is by far the largest patron, with 28.6 percent of all ticket sales. Stratford comes next with 12.8 percent. There is no way of knowing how many Stratford tickets were bought for out-of-town friends, but since the figure is slightly higher than all U.S. sales put together, it seems safe to assume that many Stratford people attend.

A surprise for visitors

There is no ticket scalping, which surprises U.S. visitors and little price gouging in the town. At the Queen's Hotel owner Dave Pinkney still charges pre-festival prices. He calls it "my little bit to help the festival along."

There are other indications of interest and pride. In 1956 the Stratford Junior Chamber of Commerce voted the festival's founder, Tom Patterson, "Man of the Year." A local soft-drink firm has a new line out called "Festival Dry." Queen Street North has changed its name to Guthrie Avenue, after Tyrone Guthrie, the brilliant Irish producer who master-minded the festival. Kids who once brandished cap pistols were now whacking each other with swords a la Henry V. And a local dentist, while drilling teeth, has been known to quote Shakespeare. "Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more."

There is also the way Stratford treats its guests. Late one night mosquitoes invaded a hotel room. The guest, a New Yorker, dressed and went seeking a drug store where he might buy insect spray. The only place still open was a restaurant. The waitress listened sympathetically, dashed home in a taxi, and came back with her own insect spray, which she sold him at cost. "Wouldn't even take a tip," he said wonderingly.

"Everyone from the man on the street giving directions, the volunteer in the church cafeteria, and the private family sharing its home—all seemed to want to be helpful," wrote another visitor from New York, enclosing a cheque for the permanent theatre fund. "It is a treat in these days of hurry and casual interest to meet that kind of spirit."

Stratford's actors, too, have encountered and responded to that spirit. Even that aloof screen star James Mason said he felt at home in the city. Designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch looked with no great happiness to the end of the season a couple of years ago. "You know," she said, "I just don't want to go." Musicians Duke Ellington and Wilbur de Paris, too, liked Stratford's ways. Winding up his engagement there last year, Ellington said he'd like to come back for a holiday. De Paris liked his hosts so much that he wanted to stay over, though earlier he had told reporter Dave Dunsmuir, "A real smart bunch you've got in this town, a real smart bunch! I was walking down the street and I heard a woman say, 'Look, there goes Duke Ellington.'"

There is the housewife who interrupted her ironing one morning to call the festival office. "Why can't you have a Christmas card made with a picture of the permanent theatre on it?" she asked. "I'd like to send it to all my friends." The idea was taken up by one of the local merchants.

But I like best the story about another Stratford housewife who rented a room to Lawrence Langner, the New York producer who later started the Stratford, Connecticut, festival. He was sitting with friends on her porch complaining that this guy Patterson had stolen his idea when she interjected dryly: "I've heard that lightning strikes before thunder."

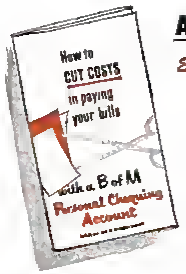
Perhaps the best index of interest is financial support. Let's go back to a climax in the festival success story: May 8, 1953. That was the day that the Festival Foundation was due to pay $66,400 to its contractor, Oliver Geffrey. Collections had fallen off. The Foundation was short $18,150. The festival seemed fated to fail. Then Gaffney, a local man, declared that his crews would keep pouring footings whether or not he was paid. The following week a local firm anonymously gave the festival $25,000. A local citizen gave $10,000, and the festival was saved.

Last year Stratford was asked to donate $100,000 toward a permanent theatre. Five corporations gave $5,000 each. Taxi drivers each gave a dollar. In less time than it took to collect the city's Red Feather fund the goal was oversubscribed.

To date Stratford has given the festival

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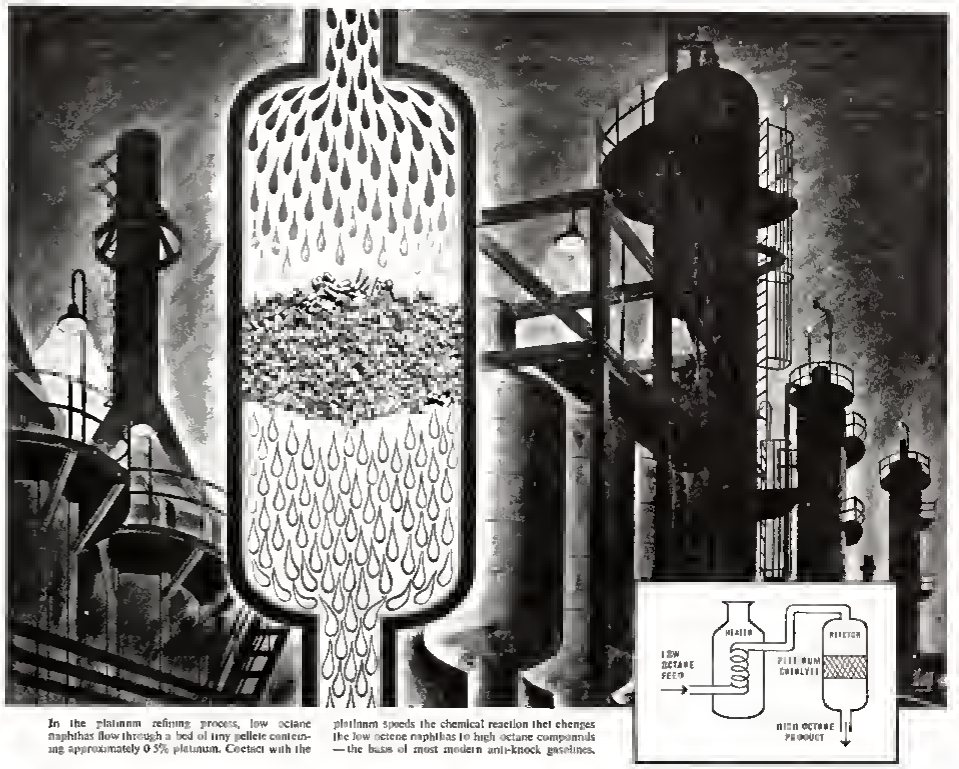
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Who is it?

He doffed cap and gown for a microphone and pen and his beard became a trademark. Turn to page 75 to see who this boy grew up to be.

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$253,000 no strings attached. Last season a box office clerk, nettled by last-minute ticket requests, complained "What's wrong with these Stratford people? They seem to think they own the festival!" "Well, my dear girl," said Barbara Reid, a publicity assistant, "they do, and don't you forget it!"

If the city has done much for the festival, what has the festival done for the city? I noted new street lights, more new cars, new store fronts. What had the festival to do with this? I asked some merchants.

"Stratford people have more money to spend now . . . it's a chain reaction!"

Grocer Charlie Dadewell said tourists attracted by the festival have brought new business. "We get a lot of them in here," he said. On the other hand, Fred Heinrich Jr. told me in his upstairs drapery shop that tourists have added little to his sales. "But I'll tell you what I have noticed: people here have more money to spend now — people who've been taking in festival guests, I guess, too. It's an incentive to fix up their homes."

It's a kind of chain reaction," said George Lamont, a clothier who had just touched up his store front. "People who take in tourists have extra money to paint their house and the painter has more to spend on food, and so on. Everybody benefits."

I picked up some safety matches em-bossed "Stratford—Where Industry and the Arts Combine." In the office of Tom Flood, the Industrial Commissioner, I learned that between 1953 and 1957 twelve industries had located here. This was twice as many as in the four years preceding the festival. But Flood wasn't inclined to give Shakespeare much credit.

I called Jim Hornby, until recently manager of the local Westinghouse plant, one of the newest arrivals. He pointed out that a company move calls for a survey of such things as labor costs, transport, power, water, taxes, nearness to markets and raw materials. Five or six places usually come out even on these things, in which case, said Hornby, "the festival might be the deciding factor."

"It's put Stratford on the map," said John Muirhead. His firm, Muirhead (electrical) Instruments, had just come over from England. "We were interested in a town that was well known. To that extent the festival influenced our decision."

Samsonite, "the world's largest luggage maker," built its first Canadian plant in Stratford because of its "important and growing community of industries and its international cultural gift to the world." This wasn't just rhetoric. The company, as its spring ad showed, uses figures in 1957 festival costumes, in the background, Queen's Park where the permanent theatre is now being built, in the foreground a beautiful Samsonite-toting female.

"Just talking about the festival helped to sell our company," said Al Knight, president of Fram (oil filters).

Who calls Guthrie "Tony"?

Flood concluded: underrated the power of fame. The festival had certainly put more money in circulation, had helped to draw more money making industries.

I asked Mrs. Joseph Greenberg, wife of a leading clothier, whether she had noticed any changes. "It's made people more clothes-conscious," she said. "They have cocktail parties and tea parties before and after the plays, and they're wearing a lissom, more stylish type of dress." Teen-age girls who hang around the theatre are affecting droopy earrings, rhinestone-rimmed sunglasses and off-the-shoulder jerseys.

The actors, several of whom live in Stratford the year around, now add glamor to the city's social life. Among some of the country-club set the number of actors one can get to entertain wins a measure of prestige. It's said not entirely facetiously that Stratford has three social levels: those who speak of producer Tyrone Guthrie as Dr. Guthrie," those who call him "Guthrie" and those who call him "Tony."

Alec Guinness, who said that he was practically killed with kindness in Stratford, dodged the social whirl by mimicking an Ontario accent and informing all telephone callers that Mr. Guinness was out. In his circuit around town he displayed a chameleon-like anonymity. Once, when the National Film Board was shooting Stratford Adventure, Guinness elbowed his way through the gathering crowd without drawing a glance. He bought artificial flowers in Teresa's hat shop every week-end, not until the day he left did Teresa learn who he was.

When James Mason came to Stratford to play Oedipus Rex he thought he would have to forego the rare foods he likes. But in a small corner food and gift shop called Heinrich's he found his favorite brand of wine-soaked cake. Stratford's food tastes are in evolution. Heinrich's, which started out as an ordinary grocery, now sells kangaroo tail soup, locusts, Grecian honey, Mexican fried worms, bird's-nest soup, shark's-fin soup, snake chunks in jellies and each Canadian delicacies as fiddleheads, an edible fern from the marshes of New Brunswick, and dwarf corn ears pickled in sweet-and-sour sauce by a Kitchener woman. In season as many as six chauffeur-driven Cadillacs have been seen parked outside Heinrich's at once.

Heinrichs is run by John Ward, an ex-Mountie, and his wife. Ward told me he'd just returned from a trip to New York where I ate some red ants and honey bee knees. I get a bang out of selling things like that." He had also acquired some camel saddles ("absolutely a conversation piece") to display beside his Rosenthal china. Dutch pewter and Austrian wood carvings. He set a fragile china cup on the floor and stepped on it — two hundred and fifty pounds of salesmen—to show its strength.

How did he manage to sell such exotic fare to conservative Stratford? "Well, visitors mention some rare food they had in Montreal or New York. Stratford people bring them down to our place. They buy it here. They take it home and the Stratford people try it. The first thing they know they get to like it. I tell them, you've got to fight your mind. If you get enough nerve to open the jar and you persevere, to the bottom you're sold." Ward sends abroad some three thousand food baskets a year to New York, Hollywood and London. James Mason is still a steady customer.

I asked John Quirt, the high school's English teacher, if the festival had any effect on his pupils. "Whereas in a good many schools when Shakespeare is mentioned," he said promptly, "there's withdrawal or active dislike here the youngsters are anxious to get into it." Polling his grade 9 class, Quirt found that "well over half" had seen the plays, some as many as three times. "It can't help but affect their whole appreciation of English," he said. "It's a stimulus to speak and write correctly."

"We have a lot bigger attendance at a show like Henry V or some other cultural picture than we would have had five years ago," theatre manager Jack Weiland says. "I think it's created a taste for better painting," says Harry McMillan, who runs an art and picture-framing shop. "People who had a mirror in their living room before are replacing it with a picture."

I wondered if the music festival initiated two years ago by Toronto composer Lou Applebaum had had any effect. "We're selling more long plays, more good classical stuff than we ever did," says H. L. Bantanger of Burt's Record and Music Shop. "The jazz stuff, yes, we're selling a bit more of that too."

After Duke Ellington's concert his records were sold out in shops that had never sold him before. "I think the concerts will make a big difference here in a year or so," said Paul Cross, a local conductor. "It gives all the students in the district a chance to hear the best. It's bound to set a higher standard."

Even prejudices are altering. The week before I arrived the minister of the Gospel Church had pounded on his pulpit and proclaimed: "All you people who work for festival people—yes, and you people who baby-sit for other people so they can work—you're all hell-bound!"

I talked to one of the "hell-bound" a long-time member of his church. "I think the minister's wrong," she said. "I was always inclined to be narrow-minded. I never went to a show — I was always nervous that someone would see me. Well, when I met those festival folk and found them all so nice, I'm telling you I really broadened out."

Another woman who abhore tobacco and liquor was introduced at a gathering to star Irene Worth, who held a drink in one hand in the other a cigarette. To the hostess relief the lady said afterward: "Say, wasn't she nice? I always thought those people were evil. Now, after all this time, I know I was wrong."

It is this change in attitude that perhaps is most significant of all these slight shifts in fashion, taste and thought. It is hard to imagine a pro-festival citizens committee raising fifteen hundred dollars as one did last year, by selling "I Like Stratford" buttons. When I mentioned this to a Stratford industrialist he said: "Once people have enjoyed success they're more confident. A good many people here feel almost anything can be accomplished." ★



Dave Watkins...
pitched a concrete tent



After the outstanding success of its first four years, the Stratford Shakespearean Festival decided to replace its canvas theatre tent with a permanent one.
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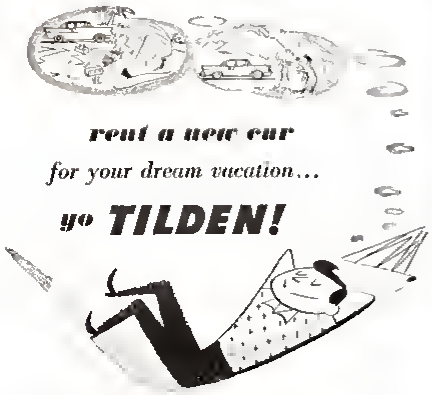
ANSWER TO
Who is it?
on page 72

Lister Sinclair, who gave up teaching at the University of Toronto to become an actor, playwright and critic.

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Our high-seas battle for fish

Continued from page 19

Two hundred miles of seas are ours, insist the South Americans, and back the claim with guns

twelve-mile limit in the Black and Baltic Seas. But Britain took the case to the International Court of Justice at The Hague. If any extensions were granted to the accepted three-mile limit, argued Britain's Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice, "our seamen might start claiming the continental shelf."

The three-mile limit is steeped in tradition. It is based on the limits of practical control almost two centuries ago—the distance a coastal gun could shoot. The International Court found no other argument for it and in 1951 decided in favor of Norway. Furthermore, instead of measuring out from the low-tide mark following the curvature of the shore, the court measured out from an imaginary line drawn between one jutting headland and another, thus closing large gulfs that were formerly high seas.

This was the edge of the wedge. Next Iceland extended her limits twelve miles and drove the British out of Faxa Bay, an important cod fishery. But Britain was Iceland's biggest market for fish, and Britain's Trawler Officers' Guild promptly slapped a boycott on Icelandic fish. They refused to take their ships to sea if their wholesalers bought from Iceland.

Over the next three years another country lodged from its stand. The U.S. since it championed the freedom of the seas, could give no support to Iceland. The affair almost cost the U.S. an Icelandic military base when Iceland threatened last summer to drop out of NATO. It almost ruined Canadian east-coast fishermen and packers when Iceland, facing a slump in its fish-based economy, slanted the U.S. market with fillets and U.S. fishermen yelled for tariff protection.

But Iceland stuck by its twelve-mile limit. And last December President Eisenhower vetoed a recommendation by Congress for a higher tariff on fish fillets because the other nations concerned are not only our close friends but their economic strength is of strategic importance to us in the continuing struggle against the menace of world communism." By then it mostly Russia was taking the bulk of Iceland's catch in exchange for coal and oil.

The controversy grew meanwhile, as Britain had predicted, until it included not only the continental shelf but high seas fisheries, one of the finest of which lies off the coast of Peru. Though scarcely tapped it's a favorite hunting ground for California's tuna fleet, now harvesting the ocean's biggest dollar crop.

In 1952 Peru, Chile and Ecuador met at Santiago and declared their sovereignty over two hundred miles of coastal waters. Behind them was the precedent of Norway's legal victory and before that, in 1945, the Truman Doctrine, wherein the U.S. served notice to the world that she claimed the rights to the continental shelf off her coasts — in places two hundred miles wide. However, in fact Peru and Chile, claiming two hundred miles of coastal waters, were staking out far more than their continental shelves, for the sea bottom drops away sharply on the west coast of South America.

Seeing its Truman Doctrine being used as justification for new claims on fishing grounds, the U.S. hastened to explain that the doctrine claimed minerals not fish. The three countries in turn assured the U.S. that they weren't trying "to impede the fishing operations of foreigners ... but rather to regulate them."

The U.S. suggested they take their claim to the International Court. The three countries pondered a more direct method.

Early in 1955 Peruvian destroyers seized four American purse seiners two California trippers and the whaling fleet of Aristotle Onassis, forcing that Greek Croesus to settle up three million dollars in fines. Then in April that year Ecuadorian gunboats fired on two American freezer ships fishing twenty-five miles from land, wounding William Peck, an engineer whose leg had to be amputated.

Angry American fishermen called this "an outlaw act, an act of piracy." The U.S. State Department investigated. Nothing came of it. The four countries tried to reach agreement, but the Latin Americans insisted on a two-hundred-mile limit and exclusive fishing in waters "traditionally exploited" by them which meant most of the best fishing grounds. The negotiations bill through.

But California's tuna skippers still fish off South America. They ignore them selves against seizure by taking out Latin American permits and by paying a Latin American export tax on each fish. Hence, to a precedent is being established, for wherever you buy a permit to fish, an U.S. magazine, Pacific Fisherman, observes, "you tacitly admit that the main item which you buy it has authority over fishing in the waters covered, even to two hundred miles offshore."

The Latin American stand. Canada's Fisheries Minister Sinclair says, "caused me a lot of embarrassment. Our fishermen want us to declare a twelve-mile limit and they say to me 'Hell, if little Peru can do it, why can't we?' But the fact is, Peru probably buys much more from the U.S. than it sells. That is one of the reasons the Americans did nothing. We take the opposite position. The Americans take roughly fifty percent of our catch. If Canada showed out its limit twelve miles without first getting U.S. agreement, or at least acquiescence through the United Nations, the Americans might retaliate by shoving up the tariff and we'd be left with a glut of fish. The predicament of Iceland was an object lesson to Canada.

What fishermen want, what

Clearly this hickish dispute has only one real solution: general agreement within the United Nations, and since 1949 the International Law Commission set up by the General Assembly has been laboring to frame laws for governing the sea. After seven years' work, its report to a UN committee last fall still contained nine thirty-seven pages of it boiled down to this: the commission didn't think territorial limits should be more than twelve miles. Beyond that all nominations members could agree on was that the limits "should be fixed by international conference."

The trouble is that fisheries are entangled with defense and navigation. To get around this Canada at this same meeting last fall proposed that the limits be left at three miles for defense and navigation but be pushed out to twelve miles for fisheries.

The proposal touched off a fiery debate. After sixty nations had spoken the issue was resolved. Canada will bring it up again early next year at a UN meeting in Rome. "The Americans are pretty annoyed at us," Sinclair says. "So are the British."

At the heart of the matter of course is politics. The dominion brand, in Britain, Japan and the U.S., the best-organized groups—and therefore the most powerful politically—are the high seas fishermen. But the inshore groups have more individual votes and often think ministers neglect with the interests of offshore fishermen. For example, while the shrimp and tuna fishermen of southern California want the freedom of the seas to fish off Mexico and South America, just a little to the north the inshore fishermen of Oregon and Washington want their coasts protected from Japan.

Four fishing companies dominate the industry in Japan, the most powerful fishing companies in the world. They had rebuilt their fleets by 1950. They once more had possession of their top-secret records, inspired all war-time that show the movements of fish upon the high seas—the result of years of piecing together scraps of information from the logbooks of thousands of fishing captains. Their luck forces—highly mechanized armory ships accompanied by thirty or forty catcher boats combining fishing, exploration and research—were spreading their gill nets to every ocean except the North Atlantic. If they crossed the Pacific they could soon wipe out the salmon and halibut fisheries so painfully built up since 1923, when Canada and the U.S. made fishing history and saved the west-coast halibut from vanishing, with the world's first fish conservation treaty.

It had most money to bring these fisheries back from the brink of extinction. Our fishermen had suffered enough restriction. "You can't do all this," says S.V. Oreck, the assistant deputy minister of fisheries, "and have somebody else come in and take the benefits if that were the case we wouldn't get our fishermen to co-operate."

So in 1950 the U.S. and Canada asked Japan to stop fishing salmon, herring and halibut on our side of the North Pacific. We agreed to abstain from fishing Japan's side — which we don't do anyway. We told Japan we were already getting all the fish we could take from our fisheries without running down the stock. A third party coming in would just reduce the total catch.

This amounted to a crisis for the fish on the high seas. The salmon in mid-ocean we can't look out. Canadian mid-ship when they spawned in Canadian streams. Our fisheries board chairman John Kask points it. "It could be tempted to tows that stray off their rings. But





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The logic was lacking not only in benefi to Japan but in scientific proof U S and Canadian scientists weren t sure where the salmon went when they left our shores It is doubtful if Japan would have bought this line of reasoning if her choice had really been Iron But her conquerors though about to depart still not trolled her foreign policy and Japan in 1951 bowed before the big stick.

On a visit to Russia four years later Fisheries Minister Sinclair found striking evidence of the value of this treaty to Canada He was flying north by a fall in the little fishermen's hospital in Petropavlovsk centre of the Siberian salmon fishery I had with me he says, "the deputy minister of fisheries for Russia Every day he would fly away to take a look at the canneries and come back in the evening feeling more and more annoyed because they had the poorest catch in many years Just over the horizon this enormous Japanese high seas fleet was lying, with miles of net intercepting the salmon returning to the Siberian rivers."

That year, 1955, the Japanese high seas salmon catch which began in 1952 with two million fish climbed to nearly fifty-eight million The Russian conservation program was shattered And it was Canada's treaty the Russians told Sinclair pointedly that was forcing the Japanese to fish entirely on Russia's side

For every salmon we get" the Russian deputy told him "the Japs get two It's not going to happen again"

In February last year the Russians clamped down They banned Japan from the Sea of Okhotsk the western Bering Sea and the Northwest Pamfin Defiantly, the Dai Nippon Fishery Association declared they'd fish their usual waters anyway The Japanese government supported them with a strong note of protest But this was gimlead diplomacy backed by a powerful navy Three months later, at four a.m. on May 15 in a treaty patterned after Canada's and tied in with the Russian Japanese peace treaty the Japanese agreed to keep out of these waters

The high gear seaward drive of Japan is now checked on all sides Northward around the Kuril Islands her fishing boats are fired on by the Russians. Southward Australia has warned her out of all his adjacent seas Westward South Korea's Syngman Rhee has drawn a line down the middle of the Japan Sea and is building up a fishing fleet with the Japanese boats that moss it at the first of last year he was still holding prisoni seven hundred and twenty five captured Japanese crewmen And in the wide North Pacific the mightiest action of the Russian and U S -Canadian treaties has squeezed Japan into a narrow ten-degree zone

"Jimmy Sinclair's cold war"

But treaties must be renewed and Japan is gradually gaining strength to resist this kind of pressure Next year the big review year for the U S Canadian treaty Japan will want indisputable proof that those mid-Pacific salmon really belong from Canada's Fraser River So Kask has five research vessels catching salmon by the thousand counting their vertebrae measuring their snouts studying their bones and teeth recording their blood types inking scale samples tagging and freezing them

"No two fish have the same scales" Kask explains, like no two humans have the same fingerprints From the scales we can tell the fish's age and how long it spent in fresh water From its parasites —the bugs it carries—we can usually tell where it came from Our findings will have to jibe with those of Japan which has seven research vessels at work "We re working with a gun at our heads, Kask says

The rivalry is no less sharp between Canada and the U S. in spite of years of success in jointly managing their fisheries Before the U S Senate as I write this is a bill ending what west-coast fishermen call "Jimmy Sinclair's cold war with the States

It began four years ago at the annual meeting of the British Columbia fishermen's union Sinclair was there as the new fisheries minister- a fast talking down-to-earth man of forty four one of the shrewdest minds in the Liberal Party Among the barrage of questions immediately fired at him was "What are you going to do about the pink salmon?"

The pinks were sliding downhill fast A rise in price had led to overfishing mainly as the pinks passed through American waters when returning to Canada The B C fishermen wanted a conservation treaty to save them The U S government though sympathetic, would not move in the face of antagonism from Washington State American fishermen there Sinclair says, couldn't see any point to a treaty that would limit them to fifty percent of the catch Why should we share our catch they said "We're getting eighty percent of the run"

Sinclair set out to change the political climate The pinks came down the coast of Vancouver Island before entering U S waters giving B C fishermen first chance at the run "We're going to outfish the Americans" Sinclair told the fishing companies

"Our boats are too small to fish on the open sea," they objected

There were plenty of secondhand boats in the U S Sinclair persuaded George Mailer minister of transport, to lift the import restrictions on them. He got Dr J J McCann minister of national revenue to waive the duty Then at the union meeting in 1954 Sinclair laid it on the line.

"Get out there and fish" he told them We've got the advantages We've got little ports we can run into when it gets rough."

The fishermen were not enthusiastic but the union leaders sided with Sinclair Back in Ottawa he notified U S. fisheries officials that though he was starting a fishing war he would much sooner have a treaty But if he couldn't get a treaty he'd see that Canadian fishermen got a fair share of what was left of the fishery

In 1955, the year of the big run Canadian fishermen took forty six percent of the pink salmon catch They would have taken more except that following their long-time custom they would head for home every Friday night and not return until Monday leaving a two-day run for the Americans. Sinclair, then in Russia scolded them for it at the annual union meeting last spring. You would have beaten the Americans easily he told them

"That's all very well for you" our fisherman shot back Sitting there in Ottawa you your nice warm office But how about us out there handling this damn heavy gear in fog and rain and storms? You go crazy out there in a boat just yourself and the fish You got to have time off

"All right then" Sinclair said "arrange some kind of rotation system—just so you'll always have Canadian boats out there This is a war and we're going to win it" At the bank of the union hall Americans union officials sitting in as observers could see that this was no bluff

Within a few months Washington's attitude changed Last October in just four days, the two countries hammered out terms that will limit the pink salmon catch and divide it. The pinks will now come under the present salmon commission so successful in nursing the sockeye back to health "We'll start this season, Sinclair says. "We can build up the pink salmon runs. We can make the pinks as valuable as the sockeye"

In such international agreements lies the answer to the problem of getting more food from the sea This man be seen most clearly on our east coast where two currents meet—and ceaselessly boil up life-giving minerals which make that stormy shallow section of sea we call the Grand Banks the most famous fishing ground in the world Since the nations of Europe have sought to outfish each other since John Cabot reported cod so plentiful you could dip them out with a basket and from these sixteenth-century schooners, those that sailed them and on deck naran the idea for the modern factory ship

The first floating factory built for the Grand Banks competition was a British Factory-class trawler two hundred and forty five feet long. In 1953 prior to her maiden voyage to Newfoundland, secret trials were held in the Barents Sea Three months later the Russians invented the Puschkin on which the fish were hauled in through a hole in the stern, spilled onto assembly lines and mechanically skinned beheaded filleted frozen and packed The livers were processed into oil the offal ground into meal The ship in fact looked very like the Factory—except that the Puschkin was one foot longer "For a nation that could get the atom bomb secrets Sinclair says "it wasn't hard to put a couple of Commies on a fishing boat"

Last year and the year before the Russians fished on the Grand Banks and they have fifty more ultra modern trawlers near completion in West German shipyards The Germans do once to be outdone will probably spring some surprises with the trawlers they're building for themselves The Portuguese and the Spaniards are building a new type of trawler And all these ships are designed to compete on the Grand Banks

Can Canada meet this kind of competition? Sinclair says we can The factory ship has one great disadvantage if there's no fish in its area that great factory is idle No matter how big it is, it's just one ship For the same investment we

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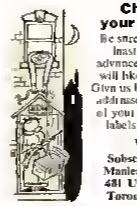
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE JUNE 22 1957

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can have four or five trawlers and one of them is sure to find fish. Our advantage is that we can run into port every week. When we get a series of good shore plants and we think they'll always beat the factory ships in cents.

Can even catch a hardy stock as the mud shrimp such as this? Perhaps not worms. Fisheries Board chairman Kask: "But were watching it. We saw this crisis coming a long time ago. When it wasn't yet an issue we set up the machinery to handle it.

This is ICNAF (International Commission for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries) created in 1949 by ten nations. They set up a management group and each country reports the size of its vessels, nets and catch. Our scientists think the reporting is fairly honest on the whole.

"The whole operation is on the table," says Kask. "We pretty well know the size of the pie. We know what each nation's slice is. If Russia and West Germany come in we may have to cut it up a little differently, that's all. We'll try and get Russia into this convention. There's no legal reason why she should join but there's pretty strong moral pressure."

Canada belongs to seven such international groups, with a separate commission in the ocean struggle that splits the world. This in spite of today's prowling gunboats, bitter charges and threats: there's solid hope that even the tangled high seas controversy will be settled equitably and peacefully. ★



You could eat off anything in our house

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUG WRIGHT

Recently an expert on trash removal denied that the city of which he was in charge was dirty and then made what I consider a very enchanting analogy. "Suppose a home is thoroughly vacuum-cleaned and scrubbed by the housewife. Her husband then comes home and scatters newspapers all over the place and her children do the same thing with their clothes and toys. Will that house may now be so untidy one but it's a clean home."

I say it's convincing because it convinces me that us of this moment our house, recently thoroughly cleaned is mainly mountain. Eight it and on the endless hall table you will find half a pane of dirt free toast left there this morning by our son who had his trash and the door to catch the school bus and forgot to take it with him.

Enter the living room and be hold on our gleaming coffee table a spotless orange rind, seven of eight pieces of mean popcorn an empty chocolate-bar wrapper and an empty pop bottle in a perfect state of preservation. You will see half of a bunch of grapes all of them mutilated, an the newly vacuumed sofa and a number of seeds neatly strewn on the freshly waxed floor. All of them may be attributed to our daughter Patsy who detests uncleanliness in any form.

Her bedroom is further proof of this. A golden banana peel graces her bureau along with a bowl of ice cream. The latter has melted to be sure but it is spotless and the same applies to the ruthless in her bed (sheets changed only yesterday) and the wedge of layer cake on her bed table.

In her brother's will kept room you will be rewarded by the sight of several more glistening pop bottles a dozen milkers without so much as a flick of dirt on them and two halves of a neatly severed dill pickle. By this time in fact you will begin to wonder how we parents managed to rear a pair of children with such a passionate devotion to cleanliness. Well all I can say is it hasn't been easy. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"Afraid to face the record . . . they hide or distort the truth"

of the Canal, Egypt contributed little but her permission.

Surely we must infer from this that Britain's part in digging and financing the Canal was great and that Egypt's was paltry or non-existent. This is such a popular idea, suiting the patriotic needs of the moment that it has appeared to my certain knowledge every fifty times in newspaper editorials or radio programs in the past few months.

Even the most casual glance into history reveals that this idea is completely false. Lord Palmerston, the British prime minister, speaking in the House on July 7, 1857, stated: "For the past fifteen years Her Majesty's government have used all the influence they possess to prevent the construction of this canal. The scheme is one hostile to the interests of this country. I can only express my surprise that M. de Lesseps should think he could succeed in obtaining English money for a scheme which is in every way so adverse to British interests."

Thus it was that de Lesseps had to peddle throughout Europe the eighty thousand shares he had so carefully reserved for England and the government of Egypt had to take up several three thousand more shares than they originally planned. The British government not only refused to contribute one farthing to the building of the canal but did all in its power to prevent the canal's completion. This misfortune on the part of the British added fifteen million dollars to Egyptian costs and boosted her total share to forty-seven percent of the initial capital outlay on the Suez Canal.

"In 1875 this Egypt was not a free agent but was a subject to the Turkish Empire. Great Britain rescued her from this vassalage during World War I. This specific quotation has been taken from a pamphlet that the United Nations has inflicted on our schools, because it is the most hideously expressed example one could possibly find of another popular myth about Egypt. I have a whole file of clippings on this subject and in each case the writer, apparently afraid to face the record, hides or distorts the truth. How much more intelligent to follow the advice given by Stephen Leacock in his history of the British Empire: "It would be better to nail the flag to the mast or to the nearest tree." A certain amount of humbug on our part has often infuriated other nations in the past. Plain speech wears better."

It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of Anglo-Egyptian relations but a little plain speech is necessary to show the amount of humbug to which we have been subjected on this particular point.

British control over Egypt began on July 11, 1882, when Admiral Seymour shelled the port of Alexandria. Exactly one month later Mr. Gladstone, the British prime minister, when asked about this and subsequent events, made this statement in the House of Commons: "I can go so far as to answer the honourable gentleman when he asked me whether we contemplate an indefinite occupation of Egypt. Undoubtedly of all things in the world that is a thing we are not going to do. It would be absolutely at variance with all the principles of Her Majesty's Government and the pledges they have given to Europe."

Seventy-eight times in the next sixty-five years similar promises to leave Egypt were made by other British statesmen. In spite of these promises, in spite of the riots and assassinations and the need to detain martial law many times, in spite of the deputation of Egyptian leaders to Malta, Gallipoli and, yes, even to the Seychelles Islands, the British occupation lasted until three years ago. It is not a matter of opinion but a straight fact of history that Egypt was the unwilling vassal of Great Britain for many years both *before* and *after* 1914.

Canada's Bureau of Current Affairs, Department of National Defense in a poster dated March 1952, makes this bald assertion: "Egypt became an independent kingdom in 1922." I have here literally dozens of similar statements gathered from current sources all the way across Canada. Most of these refer to "the treaty of 1922 by which Egypt became independent."

Possibly some of these writers studied from E. L. Daniel's widely used Grade

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WATCH FOR THE JULY ISSUE



IX text called Britain and the Empire, for it states on page 252: "In 1922 Egypt became a sovereign state in alliance with Britain. Perhaps they inked on Carrington and Jackson's text. The History of England where the ink is pink this way on page 695: "For eight years Egypt was a British Dominion until, in 1922, Lord Allenby restored to Egypt its independence." Once the idea is driven home that Egypt long ago became a sovereign independent nation, with treaty-making powers, it is then possible to maintain that she has flagrantly broken freely given promises and that all subsequent difficulties could not possibly be manifestations of a people trying to get free.

Purely to keep the record straight and not in any way to condemn or condone British action, it must be stated here that Egypt would not sign the arrangement presented to her in 1922. Attempts to compel the Egyptians to accept led to serious riots, to the use of troops by Lord Allenby and to the deportation of Saad Zaghlul Pasha to Gibraltar. The British government in desperation issued a unilateral declaration of Egypt's independence but British troops remained in Cairo and Alexandria. British control over Egyptian defense and foreign affairs continued and a note was circulated among the Powers advising them that the Declaration "involved no change in the status quo."

Speaking in the British House of Commons some years after, Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald gave this harsh appraisal of the situation in Egypt: "It is no less true today than it was in 1922 that the security of the British Empire in Egypt remains a vital British interest and that absolute certainty that the Suez Canal will remain open for the free passage of British ships is the foundation on which rests the entire defense strategy of the British Empire. No British Government can divest itself of its interest in guarding such a vital link in British communications."

Leaving the subject of Anglo-Egyptian relations and directing our attention to other crisis points we find exactly the same story of innuendo half truths downright lies or impossible lack of knowledge. Consider this group of examples which appeared at the time of Admiral Horthy's death last February. These have been gathered from newspapers that had been conducting very vigorous and emotional appeals for aid to Hungary. Intermingled with these humanitarian feelings is the desire to provoke further hatred of the Russians by praising their victims in unqualified terms. Having completely committed themselves these editors simply could not bring themselves to face any unpleasant aspects in the history of this unfortunate country during the regency of Admiral Horthy.

A good illustration is provided by the editorial which appeared in a Toronto newspaper on February 12 this year. Using Admiral Horthy's death as a point of departure to misinform its readers, this editor would have us believe that "Hungary lived peacefully with her Balkan neighbors until the revival of German ambitions in central Europe." Thus with a stroke of the pen does he obliterate an opportunity for his readers to understand one of the most deep-rooted problems in Europe and contributes his share to the building of another popular myth.

The words *Nun, Nun Sohn*, circulated throughout the world by postwar Hungary on stamps, postcards, badges and buttons underlines the fact that never "No never," did they become reconciled to the loss of land to Romania, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, which the Allies imposed by the Treaty of Trianon. Graham Hutton, in his book Danubian Destiny, writes of this situation as follows: "For twenty years every sort of Hungarian government had denied the slogan into Hungarian and all other ears. Justice for Hungary! A succession of premiers — Count Karolyi, General Gombos and M. Daranyi — found that popular feeling among the grossly brainwashed and propaganda-fed masses was turning more and more toward extreme Fascism."

One Toronto editor would also have us believe that "Hungary was the unwilling ally of Germany and was compelled to make concessions to Hitler." Reinring to events following the Munich Crisis in 1938 when Czechoslovakia was destroyed he infers that Hungary was a reluctant and passive beneficiary of German action and only "Hitler's dismemberment of Czechoslovakia added Ruthenia to Hungary."

The Current Affairs pamphlet published for the Canadian forces by the Department of National Defense in Vol. 4 No. 3 distorts Hungary's role at the time of Munich even more frankly. "The unsentimental part of Czechoslovakia Ruthenia fell to Hungary *without any effort on her part*."

These propagandists find it convenient to forget Admiral Horthy's visit to Hitler a full month before Munich, the tumultuous reception given to him, the huge naval demonstration in his honor and the shunning of the battleship Prinz Eugen by Mrs. Horthy. They see no significance in a second visit two days before Munich and yet the very newspaper from which I have been quoting carried this headline on Sept. 20, 1938: "Horthy flies to Goering, seeks aid of Czechoslovakia." Ruthenia is the only territory mentioned in all the examples I have seen and we are initially meant to infer that this was *all* Hungary received. There is no mention of forty-five hundred square miles of southern Slovakia occupied several months before Ruthenia and yet several of the newspapers in which I am referring carried this Associated Press report dated Nov. 7, 1938: "Riding a white horse, Admiral Horthy crossed the Danube into Komorom in Slovakia at the head of infantry, artillery, cavalry and tank units. Addressing the people he said: 'I myself have never ceased to believe with fanatic zeal that this day of victories would come to us.' At the same time crowds in Liberty Square, Budapest, shouted for further annexations of Romania's Transylvania and the Slovak cities of Bratislava and Nitra."

Sir Winston Churchill writing of these events in Chapter 18 of The Gathering Storm, refers to Hungary [and Poland] as "beasts of prey" and maintains that the Germans were not the only villains upon the carcass.

The Associated Press on February 13, 1933 issued Biographical Sketch No. 2084 thereby sending standardized material on Admiral Horthy to all member newspapers with instructions to destroy Sketch No. 521 same subject." On October 1, 1937 an Insert to No. 2084 was released: Hungary was in our bad books when No. 521 was issued; she was back in good standing when No. 2084 came out but she was losing favor again by 1937. In each case the suggested interpretation to be placed on the regents life varied with the times.

Perhaps the following will suffice to show the gist of my argument. One description of a revolt in the navy reads as follows: "A mutiny broke out at Pola. With characteristic courage Admiral Horthy faced the mutineers in person and restored discipline." The very same event is described at another time in these words: "The sailors meeting was marked with what many regard as excessive quietly. From that day on held a bitter antirevolutionary nonviction which may be described as a burning passion."

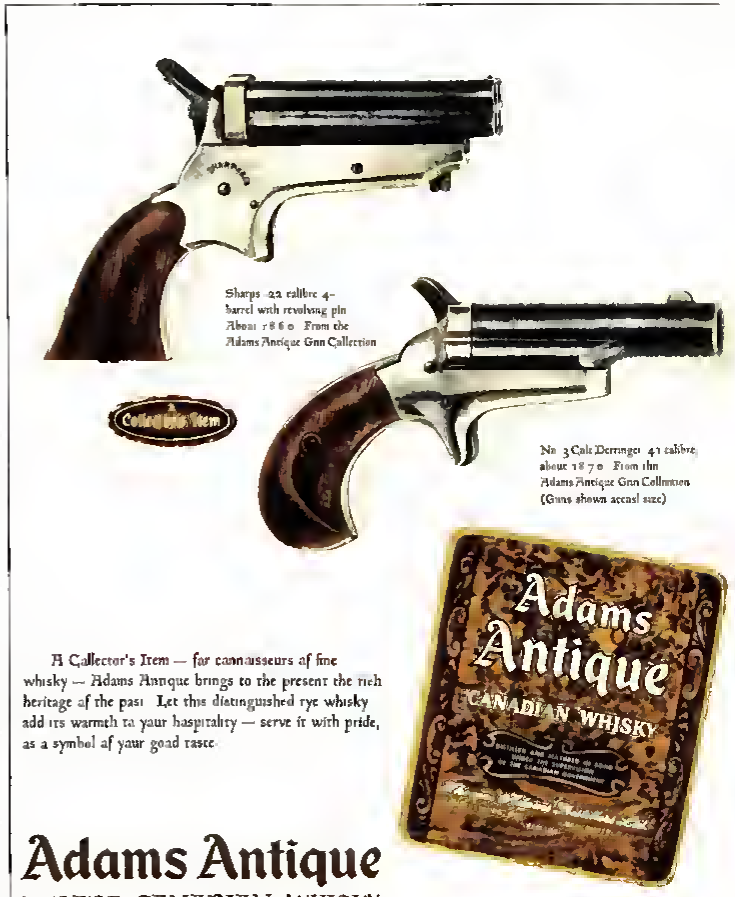
And so today the life of this statesman and the history of his country are being presented to us by people in supposedly responsible positions of great influence purely to suit the needs of the moment.

Every editorial opportunity presented by current events has been seized with equal gusto. Thus the visit of Indias Prime Minister Nehru to Canada his plea for the recognition of Red China, Ian Sands colorful trip to the U.S., the speech by Communist China's Chou En Lai on events in Hungary and India's annexation of Kashmir — all these events have been used in recent months to inflame prejudiced misinterpretations of history upon the Canadian public. However I trust that enough has already been written drawing only on the Suez and Hungarian crises, to establish this particular point.

May we turn our attention now to a related but somewhat different topic. I have here a film of some two hundred and fifty editorials gathered since last December from about two dozen Canadian newspapers including the Globe and Mail, the Telegram and the Sun of Toronto, the Windsor Star, the Calgary Herald, the Edmonton Journal and the Vancouver Province. Every item in this bulky file is an angry tirade against some action or statesman. In fifty-three editorials clipped from the Globe and Mail for instance we find nothing. Hacks on all the Afro-Asian countries, Russia, China, the United States and the United Nations, Eisenhower, Dulles, Hammarskjold, Nehru and many other statesmen are ridiculed, scorned and portrayed as men whose every action and word must be distrusted. The opinions expressed in these editorials may be good opinions or they may be libelous. There can be no doubt however that the writers of these editorials are angry and emotionally wrought up.

Furthermore "Letters to the Editor" seem to prove plainly that the acid in all these burning editorials spills over on to some of the readers nerves, their judgment and inflames their passions also. A vehement editorial provokes a series of equally vehement letters of praise or condemnation.

Thus we find a Belleville, Ont. correspondent supporting the Globe and



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE JUNE 22, 1957



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Mail on February 12 this year in these words: "Dulles and Eisenhower have given their support to Nancy move to break up the Commonwealth. What a shambles America and the world would be if these two men, by their surreptitious connivings, destroyed the British Commonwealth."

On February 23, a lady from Cobourg, Ont., contributes this suggestion: "Why as an independent nation (their) a nation that acts as Egypt does. We have no desire to be called friends of Egypt."

These two letters—and I have here a great many others—are an exact reflection of the words, ideas and emotions of the paper to which they were written.

In this entire file of angry editorials and letters there is not a single utterance of any kind to history. This confusing, contradictory, emotional welter of material has been written in a pamphlet vacuum as if Egypt, Palestine or Hungary had suddenly, from nowhere, appeared on the map. And yet how apparent it is that the problems associated with these countries or with any other part of the world simply can not be discussed intelligently without some regard for the long record of the past.

It is true that some of the worst errors of judgment ever made have been made by people in full possession of the facts and I suppose there will always be people who are so prejudiced or so keen-sighted themselves, that no amount of evidence to the contrary would alter their opinions. However, I should like to suggest for your consideration that a knowledge of history and an open-minded willingness to use it and to think with some perspective might temper the passions and prejudices of many of these writers and compel them to recognize that some justice usually lies on the other side.

Thus it is my carefully considered conclusion that many Canadians in positions of influence and trust have failed in their responsibility to seek out and try to tell the truth. They have indeed ignored or falsified the facts of history. I believe that they are doing irreparable damage to public opinion in this country and that no useful, unselfish or constructive purpose is being served by them. They may be hastening the very day we all fear and perhaps at some future date they may gather again to say "We must bear some of the guilt for this crime against humanity." ★



Is Drapeau a match for Duplessis? continued from page 17



The novice mayor seemed to be siding with the rioters

City Hall a lack of initiative, a look of efficiency, and it is aimed by public apathy. The entire administration has to be reorganized so that there is more no between in running the city."

Drapeau's first encounter with a municipal problem came in late December 1954 when an unexpectedly heavy snowstorm paralyzed traffic. Like many other citizens, he got to work late and learning even the failure of the city roads department to get the snow off the streets. Hands would roll, he announced wrathfully.

In fact nobody lost his job. After he had studied the problem and taken consultation, Drapeau had to admit the roads department had done its work as efficiently as possible by the methods then authorized. What finally resulted were improvements the department itself wanted. Credit Drapeau therefore as the energizing factor.

The mayor's ardor was more seriously dented when he announced his solution for the traffic problem. Throw a high-speed artery over Mount Royal, he said, and never mind if Montreal's cherished mountain park was sliced up: "In fifty years citizens will be astounded to hear we once had to go around Mount Royal instead of over it."

Montreal did not bother to debate this imaginary observation from posterity, but there was a unanimous descent on City Hall to defend the present inviolability of the park. When the din had quieted a bit, Drapeau began to speak softly of a tunnel *under* the mountain.

DesMarais, a self-made businessman with strong views about economy, got his turn at bat in the preparation of the city budget. To save money, he cut out three-quarters of a million dollars in grants traditionally given to health, welfare and cultural organizations. "To my mind, the municipal administration is not a social agency," he said.

Again the outcry was deafening, for the cut affected almost every community organization in the city. Public opinion forced the grants back into the budget but the resentment was not forgotten. DesMarais gained nothing, and lost much good will not only for himself but for his political teammate, Drapeau.

If Drapeau's prestige suffered from that, it suffered still more in many circles from his own behavior after the notorious hockey riot of March 17, 1955, which critics say left a good deal to be desired of the chief magistrate. Drapeau was in Toronto when the fans did fifty thousand dollars' worth of damage to the Montreal Forum and along adjacent St. Catherine Street in a spree of smashing and looting to protest the suspension of Montreal Canadiens' Rocket Richard. That did not prevent Drapeau from pronouncing judgment on what happened and his statement was very close to an apology for the mob.

He said National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell, whose disciplinary action against Richard for a stick-swinging melee had aggrieved Canadian supporters, had senselessly provoked the riot by attending the Montreal-Detroit game. Campbell correctly retorted that it was his right and duty as league president to attend. Drapeau had no comment to make on the obvious failure of the police administration to prepare for trouble.

The reason is that the Richard riot had a racial aspect. Spiritually, hockey fans Drapeau seemed on the side of the rioters.

Such blunders aroused contemptuous amusement among the clique of political professionals in Quebec, who were watching closely to see what the New Boys would do with their electoral triumph. Drapeau capped his own performance during the period of public alarm over the Salk anti-polio vaccine.

Health officials in Montreal were desperately trying to convince suspicious citizens that the Canadian vaccine was perfectly safe, but the inquests for the nine cases were heartbreakingly small. The mayor, among others, was asked to take a lead.

Drapeau dutifully responded with a press statement saying that he thought the vaccination program was a very fine thing indeed. Would his own three sons be vaccinated? a newspaperman asked.



"What dumb luck . . . I wins all the time and she doesn't know the first thing about horses!!!"



THE CF-43 FLYING TEST BED IN THE LANDING CIRCUIT OVER MALTON AIRPORT

FLIGHT TESTING THE NEW IROQUOIS AT MALTON

This 87-ton Boeing B-47 Stratojet is the largest and most unusual aircraft in the operation of Toronto's Malton Airport. In the unique pylon at the rear of the fuselage, Orenda Engines' engineers can test a jet engine like no other. Here's power that's equal to that of the entire Canadian Navy.

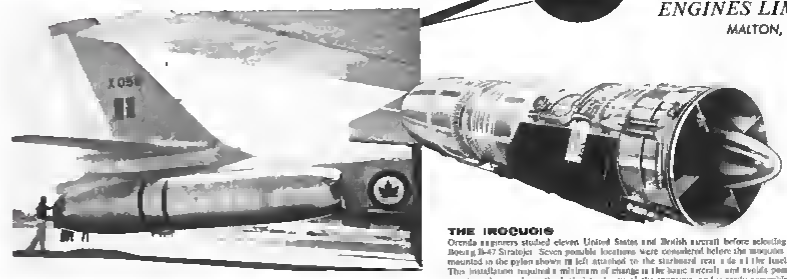
The B-47 on loan from the United States Air Force has been converted into a flying laboratory to help the engineers in the all-out effort to improve Orenda jet engines. It has an elaborate instrumentation system for recording aloft or transmitting to ground stations data on the engine's performance.

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Orenda Engines Limited serves Canada's air defence as other members of the A. V. Roe Canada Group are serving heavy industry, transportation, advanced metallurgy and the electro-mechanical instrument field.

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THE IROQUOIS

Orenda engineers studied eleven United States and British aircraft before selecting the Boeing B-47 Stratojet. Seven possible locations were considered before the engines was mounted in the pylon shown in left armament on the starboard rear side of the fuselage. This installation required a minimum of change in the basic aircraft and avoids possible structure damage from the high jet-velocity of the engines and is easily accessible for service. Flying characteristics of the B-47 are almost unchanged by this unusual mounting.

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DEMERARA OR JAMAICA

Well no Drapeau replied with exasperating candour because Mrs Drapeau didn't believe in it

In spite of such gaucheries at City Hall Drapeau steadily built up a most agreeable reputation outside Thin mayor of Montreal is always in demand as a speaker Drapeau is a good one and he has made himself frequently available He visited Paris ceremoniously last year to speak of French Canada's attachment to France In Toronto he said French Canadians must get rid of their fears of their English speaking compatriots and Americans In Ottawa he made an eloquent plea for respect of the French Canadian tradition On his recent western tour he spoke of the French and English partnership in Canada

Within his province also he has travelled and spoken widely He has discussed problems of rural settlement and called for more active provincial government assistance He has criticized educational policy underlining French Canada's need for technical specialists and engineers Long before last year's provincial general election he was saying that political morality needs cleaning up throughout the province

It is all this public activity mostly irrelevant to his job as mayor that has spread the notion that Drapeau has his eyes on something bigger in politics Those whose positions might be affected by such ambitions have watched his progress with growing hostility

Now the ring is closing in on Drapeau and his friends at City Hall The signal was given by the big man himself early last fall

On Saturday September 8 Duplessis made a portentous visit to City Hall in connection with the Dozois Plan This was an historic occasion the first time a Quebec premier had gone to the city government to discuss provincial municipal business Like Mohammed municipalities go to the mountain when there is something to be arranged But if Mohammed found his journey tiresome he may have consoled himself with the thought of how stunning the view would be of an advancing mountain The announcements of Duplessis' advance on City Hall were minimized to show patronage disfavor toward the mayor and chairman of the Executive Committee

While Drapeau waited to receive the premier officially Duplessis entered the building unofficially by a side door and went to Dozois office The two then proceeded to occupy the Executive Committee room where they regally awaited the anticipated arrival of Drapeau and DesMarais

Duplessis wanted a showdown For one thing the prestige of his Montreal cabinet member was involved For another Drapeau at one stage of his blocking manoeuvres had tried to shift blame onto the provincial government for delays in getting on with the slum-clearance project

Few details of that meeting have been revealed but the battle lines were finally drawn there It was needless to say an atmosphere of the most frigid formality Duplessis stated his position to the effect that his government had approved the plan from the outset and was willing to contribute a million dollars toward its cost He demanded that Drapeau and DesMarais speak that much with equal clarity The mayor no admirer of the man who had already slighted him that morning replied defiantly Essentially he said what he has since repeated in public "The Dozois project will not be built so long as I am mayor"

Duplessis did not stay to argue He left Drapeau and DesMarais with a promise that a start would be made on the Dozois project last spring And so it was

Since that September meeting a number of things have happened that should make Drapeau view his political future with disquiet The opposition in City Council has stiffened to the point of obstruction so that it seems nothing but routine administration will be accomplished until the election settles the issue finally The Sanitary Housing Bureau exists to make more the Dozois controversy will be kept vigorously alive Camillien Houde is talking of another run for the mayor's office next fall And Drapeau soon roundly booed last spring at the final Stanley Cup hockey game

Of the triumvirate that took power in 1954 one is already gone Pax Plante slipped quietly away from the Police Department when an Appeal Court judgment threw out Mr Justice Caron's findings against Chief Albert Langlois and reinstated him Plante now has been assigned to the job of codifying bylaws in the City Hall legal department

Among the many bright promises Drapeau made in his election campaign one still remains He will produce a comprehensive plan to solve both Montreal's slum problem and its housing problem "before the election" he says He will most certainly have to do that and also do a formidable job of selling it to the public if he is to have any chance of winning a second term as mayor

Up to the time this is being written Drapeau has refused to say whether he will even try for a second term Montreal would very much like to have a decision soon as part of an answer to the question that still hangs over the mayor is he a man with a serious purpose and intensity in Quebec's public life or just an *enfant terrible* to politics, content to strut for a time in the limelight of a term won in huge measure by good luck, and then go back to his law practice?

There is no important vacancy to be filled soon in Quebec politics At present the scene is gorgeously lopsided Shrewdly led and richly fed on power the Union Nationale rules unchallenged. The opposition is there all right but it is fragmenting and ineffectual With the collapse of the old provincial Liberal Party Quebec is looking for a new leader and a new grouping of opposition

Recent developments have spurred this search The political machine that has dominated the province since the end of the war won another smashing electoral victory last year But its methods provoked a collective soul-searching that changed the political climate almost overnight The really remarkable thing about the post election denunciation of political morality by Abbés Dion and O'Neill was not their words but the way they electrified public opinion from one end of Quebec to the other

Against this general background Drapeau has become second only to Duplessis himself in the public eye If he achievement is not negligible but it is only negative and it has more to do with a scarcity of opposition leadership than with Drapeau's positive accomplishments so far

Drapeau recognizes the demand on him for positive action, particularly the unveiling of an alternative to the Dozois Plan It would have been ready long ago he says but for the obstruction of his foes in City Hall If this is only an excuse to justify the introduction of his long heralded plan at the strategic moment Drapeau's friends say, take heart That will be a sign that he is ready to use the weapons of politics and fight furiously ★



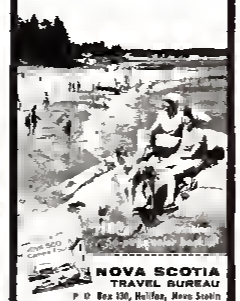
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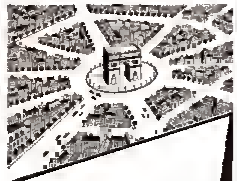
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE JUNE 22, 1957



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Are Doukhobor children victims of Nazi methods?

Sidney Katz seems to have made a thorough investigation and given us both sides of a rather sad story (The Lost Children of B.C. April 27). The Sons of Freedom have broken the law concerning our schools. Many Canadians also break laws with perhaps less punishment.

Innocent children away from home and parents and behind a wire enclosure! Must we have this in Canada? — JAMES MINSTRAL EGANVILLE, ONT

A foolish and saddening process is taking place in the New Denver Dormitory and I feel that all social workers should protest against this kind of dictatorial thinking which reminds us of the Nazi methods. Social workers from the prairie provinces should volunteer to take groups of children home for Christmas, Easter, summer holidays and watch personally for their safe return after the holidays, much on the same lines as British children go home from boarding school and return without less than holidays. There is no law that says children cannot have holidays.—LUCIA MACLEAN WINNIPEG

They don't like sending their children to our schools, speaking English serving in the army or paying taxes.

Why not send them back East? — DAVID MACDONALD, VANCOUVER.

Education is a *privilege* accorded to all in this country for a very short period. This unity of family life in a *basic need* and is as old as history. Isn't the attempted cure worse than the disease? — MRS. LOU VOLKERS, LAKE COWICHAN, B.C.

This article is a piece of arrant nonsense designed to discredit the Social Credit government.—JUDITH ALLEN NELSON, B.C.

Can such things really happen to children in Canada? Let us hang our heads in shame — N. M. BEARINGER, ELMIRA, ONT.

Millions have been spent trying to help the Sons help themselves money that could have been spent to make life easier for old-age pensioners and others who have contributed to Canada. What have the Sons done in the way of thanks? I embezzled and absconded the government.—GEORGE WHITELEY, NELSON, B.C.

Gilmour's lip pays off

I am grateful for Clyde Gilmour's movie ratings. He consistently rates "The Killing" as "excellent." I went halfway across the city to see it. It was one of the cleverest and most suspenseful pictures I have ever seen.—H. K. STEPHENSON, TORONTO.

Who pet fools in parliament?

Re your editorial [May 11] about too many damned fools in parliament. The reason too many damned fools get aside.—F. J. HEAL, NARAMATA, B.C.

Some Nazis are still Nazis

I was interested in My Birth and Death as a Nazi, by Klaes Neumann [May 11]. I am also German and congratulate the writer for his confessions . . . I served with the Canadian army and at the end of the war we found ourselves near Wilhelmshaven. Every German we talked to refused to say he was a Nazi. Today the same Germans are proud they belonged to Hitler's private army. No-one can ask when parties such as Social Democrats and Christian Democrats were from 1933 to 1945. This is naïve. Has he never heard of Dachau, Belsen, Ravensbrück and other concentration camps?—ALBERT STOEHR, MONT-REAL NORTH

The jolly hooten Heintzman

Your article on the Heintzman [The Piano with the All-Canadian Tone, May 11] was particularly interesting. My mother-in-law used to tell a story concerning Mr. Heintzman. It appears he and an English friend came to the Haliburton district of Ontario for a few days' deer hunting. My father-in-law was to be their guide.

They were a genial pair, and deciding that they needed a little refreshment after the hunt. On its arrival the English friend went to Heintzman's room and cheerfully announced, "Heintzman, the whales brilliant."—SYBIL WATT ALLSCOTT, ALTA.

Are Maritimers really poor?

Commenting your attitude, How Can the Maritimers Get in on the Boom? [May 11], I will have you know that we are



NOT poverty-stricken. In fact it has been brought to my attention that Ontario is a cheap labor area in which highly trained immigrants are used as common laborers. If you want to fix up the Maritimes do the same with Ontario.—PETER TONER AND PETER ELWOOD FREDERICTON, N.B.

Look to the Thirties for Ends

Thank you for your article. Suppose Herbert Norman *Had* been a Communist [May 11]. The economic conditions of the 1930s must be reviewed before passing a fair judgment on the past political associations of any intelligent person.—A. A. DONOVAN, MIDLAND, ONT.

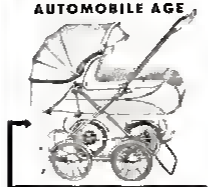
There are all too many defenders of Herbert Norman. And one of the most foolish is Ralph Allen. If Norman was not a Communist why did he commit suicide? Allen says investigators hounded him to it; but if he was innocent he would have come forward and vindicated himself.—DAVID E. HOLMES, ORANGEVILLE, ONT.

That is one of the most courageous things I have seen for a long time—Ralph Allen admitting in cold black print that he once voted Communist.—STAN OBODIAC, YORKTON, SASK.

Hurrah! for Allen for pulling into such forceful words what the vast majority of intelligent Canadians are thinking.—JOAN BLACK, PEMBROKE, ONT. ★

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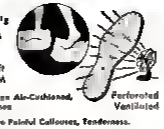


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"Quite frankly, I never believed that Macmillan could ever achieve so much in so short a time"

admirals sinking jobs as golf-club secretaries. One moment they were arrayed like Solomon in all his glory and the next moment they were interviewing committees of long-handicap golfers.

Macmillan is a conservative but he is not a sentimentalist. Like his brother grandfather he knows that there are the immutable laws of change that cannot be disregarded. In a nuclear age one must have a nuclear mind and nuclear weapons. If there is going to be a war it must not be fought with either the generals or the weapons of the previous war.

Therefore it is accepted that in the sunny and genial atmosphere of Bermuda the President and the Prime Minister talked with the frankness of realists and old friends. They were comrades in Cairo during the Hitler war and they are comrades in the diplomatic struggle of today.

And now for a moment we shall leave Macmillan and turn to President Eisenhower, who is theoretically the most powerful man in the world. No one who has seen or heard the President could fail to be warmed by his humanity and friendliness. Yet there is a growing fear that history will once more record that the professional soldier seldom succeeds when he exchanges his uniform for the black jacket and pin-stripe trousers of the politician.

You will agree with me that there is no lurch political columnist than Walter Lippmann but let me quote from his recent column in the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune:

> Although I have not encountered it myself, there is obviously wide anti-American feeling. There is, on the other hand, a big distaste for the manners and the bearing of Americans traveling abroad or talking to the outer world. The comforts and the conveniences of the American way of life are popular, but the talk that goes with them be it from tourists, businessmen or congressmen or other officials is definitely unpopular.
>
> There is in the anti-American feeling a general disillusionment with President Eisenhower himself. There is an extraordinary lack of confidence in Secretary Dulles. There is a general underlying anxiety that the fate of Europe should so much depend upon them. The feeling seems to be pronounced as one learns not only in private conversation but also in bland correspondence in the responsible European press that the President is a tired man living to a kind of semi-retirement.

It may be that Lippmann does not share the political views of the Republican Party and the President but in this case, as in his given it as his view that the last developing plan for the Common European Market is largely due to the growing distrust of American foreign policy. In fact, he partly attributes the warmth of the Queen's reception in France to this new sense of European solidarity.

No man can command the stars in their courses but it would seem that in his short months of supreme office Macmillan has replaced Eisenhower as the dominating spokesman of the Western world. If this is true or even if it be only for a time it is an astonishing personal achievement.

Quite frankly I never believed that Macmillan would achieve so much in so short a time and although I have known him since the nomadeship of the First War I never thought that he possessed such powers of intellect and spirit. In fact during his brief spell as foreign secretary his own big speech was riddled with niches and after his year as chancellor of the exchequer [there was no] suggestion that he had matured a statesman in a golden sunset.

Then how can we explain that at this hour in the world's history when Britain is classed as a second-rate power he has become the undisputed spokesman of the Western world? This answer is that like Churchill he understands the inherent greatness of the ordinary man and realizes that even in this era of scientific horror the spirit is stronger than the weapons of war.

We need not argue the rights or wrongs of Suez but Eden's action which had the full support of Macmillan has left back the worm-eaten of France and Britain. Nor do we need a reminder of the historic success of the Queen's visit to that lovely country.

France in vibrant today. The scum of endless wars are upon her but long but the fears and vacillations and hemiplegias that almost broke her spirit during the Bidet period are thrust behind her.

And now Macmillan brings Western Germany into the federation of Free Europe. These are tremendous events. History is being made before our eyes. No longer do we allow the forces of right to drowse in the sun while the forces of tyranny threaten the freedom of the body the mind and the soul.

Macmillan is saying to his colleagues that commonsense is a form of philosophy and calmed strength and that we must see to it that the free world is superior in both. He is giving practical expression to the old adage of peace through strength.

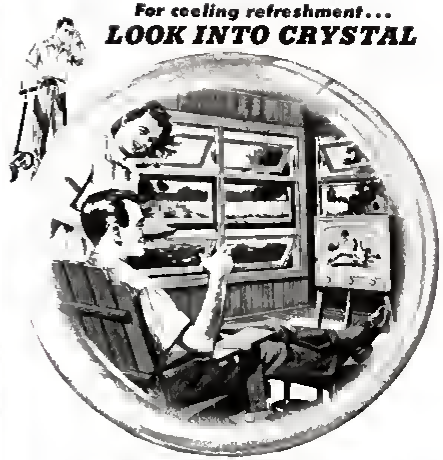
More than that I believe that Macmillan realizes that the Western world cannot look for leadership to the United States of America. To the civilized

Prediction

Though I rake and hoe and I work and toil
And I sprinkle seeds in the richest soil
My grass will be poor—It will burn and look
The strength of the grass in the sidewalk crack.

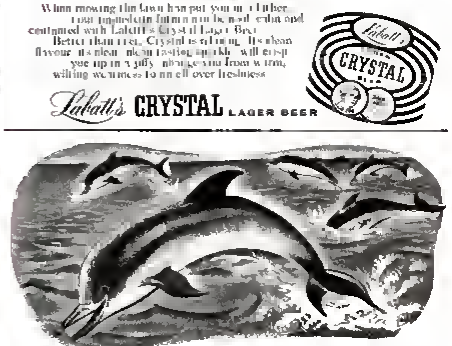
Leonard K. Shiff

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world the strength of America is in what she is not in what she does and only a fool would deny that the very existence of America is of supreme importance to the non-Communist world

It was inevitable that as the Anglo-French dream of a united Western Europe took form there would be a cry from such strong-hearted men as Lord Beaverbrook that the Mother Country was being false to her own family and her own soul. We need the voice and the robust patriotism of the Beaverbrooks of this world but we cannot cling to a dream that has faded with the dawn of reality

Britain can no longer police the world. Britain can no longer guarantee the security of her scattered empire except by a powerful European and American partnership. There is no other way of confronting the threat of communism.

But how stands Macmillan with his own people at home? What will the pacifist Liberal voter have to say to the government's determination to go on with the testing of the hydrogen bomb? What will the old-age pensioners, the ex-service pensioners and the hard-pressed middle classes of Britain say to the decision to encourage the surtax payer? Surely when the next general election takes place the people will demand the dismissal of a government that acts first and then explains

Macmillan is an intellectual but above all he is a realist. Thus he dropped from his government Mr. Antony Head who, as secretary of state for war, had the job of organizing the Suez expedition. Nor did he hesitate to give senior office to Duncan Sandys in spite of the fact that Sandys had separated from his wife, who is Churchill's daughter

He chose Peter Thorneycroft as chancellor of the exchequer although the Beaverbrook press had been demanding his dismissal for years, and he did not bat an eyelid when the mighty Lord Salisbury threw himself overboard and was sunk without trace

No wonder old Sir Winston waddles into the Chamber and takes his seat just beneath the gangway to see what Mac the Knife is going to do next. Macmillan was an unrepentant rebel in the years of indecision before Munich but Churchill gave him a big war job as soon as he, Churchill, became prime minister

It is not to be wondered that Hugh Gaitskell, the leader of the socialist opposition, gazes across no man's land at Macmillan and wonders when or if the Prime Minister will overplay his hand. The years are weary, the years are long and Gaitskell's star is waning. Anthony Eden was brought down in health and power by his gamble. Gaitskell still leads the opposition but because of his furious attack on Eden it is not imaginable that he will ever be prime minister. Such are the casualties and the caprices of political warfare.

In this London Letter I have endeavored to give a picture of the British political scene and to a wider extent, the world scene. If I have not mentioned Canada it is not because of indifference or in any fading of interest. As an expatriate I am strictly neutral in the matter of Canadian politics—neutral against Mr. St. Laurent

The historical fact is that the world is moving into a period of perils and opportunity but for once the democratic powers are ready and armed. East and West, yellow and white, freedom and Communism—the battle is joined but if we keep strong in arms and firm in purpose this may be a war that can be won without a battle ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Notman's eighty-year-old photo still tells the story of Sous le Cap

The narrowest street



We dug this drawing out of Picturesque Canada (circa 1882) because we think it shows how very little the continent's narrowest street has changed over the generations. Franklin Arbuckle's cover painting of Sous le Cap, made a summer or so ago, bears it an uncanny resemblance — even to the children with the hoop.

We recalled that William Notman had also photographed Sous le Cap eighty years ago and we pulled out the picture from the Notman collection. It too might have been taken last year.

Sous le Cap is almost three hundred years old and a tourist menace, barely wide enough to let a modern car traverse it. Some of the old walls probably go back to the seventeenth century although the buildings are post 1759 (when the Lower Town was pretty well blown and burned to bits before the capture of Quebec)

The street lies in the oldest part of Quebec City, in the same area where the old fur trade warehouses and Champlain's house stood. Originally it was caught between rock and river, which explains why it is so narrow. The houses on the left of the cover painting rested on the very lip of a ledge that dropped to the water; the houses on the right are built against the high rock. Today reclaimed land separates the street by some distance from the river

In the seventeenth century this was an important thoroughfare, the only outlet from the Lower Town to the thickly populated St. Roch district. And more than this it led, and still leads, to La Canotière (canoe beach) which today represents the old shoreline of the St. Lawrence. Here the traders and Jesuit missionaries beached their canoes and walked up Sous le Cap to Lower Town

* * *

If you've ever wondered about gout you'll enjoy the article on page 22. The author really knows her subject for her husband, Dr. Wallace Graham, is one of the world's leading specialists on arthritis and rheumatism. ... And if Robert Duffy is a new name to you, you might recall that he's the Globe and Mail Quebec correspondent who first broke the story of the two priests who took such a hard look at Quebec's political morals last fall. The article about Jean Drapeau on page 15 is his first for Maclean's

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Parade

For whom the Bell tolls

Municipal, provincial and even federal government departments are warily watching the spread of the premium craze across the country's retailing horizon and we want to squelch one disturbing rumor before it gets started. In Ottawa recently a woman entered the Bell Telephone business office to pay her bill and didn't notice that as she handed bill and cheque over to the cashier a strip of Blue Chip stamps was tucked between them. The clerk discovered them and in handing back a receipt said: "Thank you madam and here are your Blue Chip stamps." The customer exclaimed excitedly "You mean the Bell is giving these out too?" and rushed off to spread the good news.

* * *

The Point Ellice bridge in Victoria B.C. is just two lanes wide and therefore a regular rush-hour bottleneck. A local motorist tells us he knew he was in for big trouble on the way home the other night when he found himself following a woman driver who drove slowly onto the bridge and managed to slide her way right into the centre of the road. The incredible climax came when she stopped bang in the middle of the bridge, got out with a large brown parcel in her arms, walked deliberately to the railing and tossed it over. And *then* she stood there a moment peering down to be sure it sank before driving innocently away, as if she hadn't just pushed a hundred fellow motorists to the brink of madness.

* * *

Handy household hint for summer: A woman in Oakville, Ont., uses her vacuum cleaner on her lawn to gobble up all the fluffy white dandelion tops.



* * *

There's a home-economics expert employed by the poultry industry who goes about central Ontario giving mouthwatering demonstrations of new ways to cook poultry and eggs. But a traveling expert can't keep up with everything that's new and at a recent performance near Hanover, Ont., she had just started to beat up an egg for some lovely concoction when a housewife in the audience called out: "Wait a minute—it won't stiffen in a plastic bowl." It didn't, either.

Justice is still being administered in Cape Breton, N.S., but it was quite a struggle there for a week or so. Recently the judge at Glace Bay was told that due to overcrowding, any time all forty-eight cells were occupied and a forty-ninth prisoner arrived he was to let somebody else go. Meanwhile at nearby Baddeck a man charged with murder received a summons for jury duty at a pending supreme-court session at which his own case was slated to be the only one on the docket.



* * *

Civilization finally poked a Celluloid finger into the far northern Saskatchewan settlement of Stanley Mission with the presentation of the community's first commercial movie. There are only five white adults in the settlement and the one who launched this entertainment enterprise decided that a western epic called The King of Dodge City would be a likely bet to interest the Cree Indians who would be his chief customers. The film was a sellout, not only the first night but every night for six nights and to the same audience. When the weekly plane arrived without the replacement film that had been ordered Dodge City ran for another week and six more sellouts. The third week the troubled showman cut the admission price from 45 cents to 35 and Dodge City rolled on to what Variety would call big repeat biz. After it had been screened 27 times a plane finally brought the next attraction. The local movie fans were still plunking down their 35 cents to see the western. The exhibitor told the pilot though he confessed they were showing signs of restlessness between the gunfights.

* * *

Advertisement by a desperate pet owner in the Victoria Colonist. "Pups for sale, $10. Mother small cocker, father a dog."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto



In British Columbia

THREE MILES LIKE THIS ARE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS!

Beautiful country to drive through, British Columbia. You come upon breath-taking vistas—like this one in Fraser Canyon—at almost every turn in the road.

Beautiful, yes. But rugged country to push a highway through. Because of the heavy proportion of rock work, highway construction in British Columbia runs especially high—$350,000 per mile in terrain like that above.

Yet, the highways *must* go through. The province's expanding economy must be served, dangerous roads must be improved or relocated.

To date, under British Columbia's progressive roads program, some 310 miles of the Trans-Canada Highway have been completed. Other important projects under way include the reconstruction and relocation of the Cariboo Highway, which has been rebuilt for a distance of 135 miles, and a cutoff from Christina Lake to Kinnaird, which will eliminate the troublesome 40-mile Cascade run.

But cutting roads through virgin wilderness is not the only problem. Automobile registration has been growing tremendously. It now stands at 450,000—roughly *one car for every three persons* in the province. This has meant increasing traffic congestion in Vancouver and other urban centers. New roads to relieve the situation are being built. More are in the planning stage.

Because of the unusually high cost per mile of road building in British Columbia, the future has a high price tag. About $300 million must be spent on provincial roads during the next five years alone. But every single one of these dollars will be carefully spent in the sure knowledge that good roads save far more than they cost—in lives, time and money—here and throughout Canada.

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Whatever happened to those high button shoes?

Well, they disappeared with the heavy drapes, the gas lights, the drab wallpaper and the old style piano. Why? Because progress and the desire for a more comfortable way of life overtook them, with the result that today women are wearing fine, lightweight shoes for sports, dress and casual wear.

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